The Canadian Poetry Book

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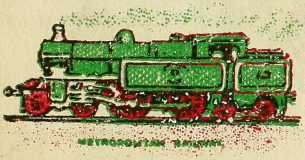

THE TEMPLE POETRY BOOKS

A Graduated Series of Poetical Selections ranging from the Nursery Rhyme to Shakespeare and Milton.

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SUPPLEMENTARY VOLUME

THE CANADIAN POETRY BOOK

The Canadian Poetry Book

A Book of Modern Verse

Chosen and adapted by

D. J. DICKIE

A Supplementary Volume to

THE TEMPLE POETRY BOOKS

TORONTO AND LONDON

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PREFACE

THE present collection is not in any sense of the word an "Anthology of Canadian Verse." Some of our greatest Canadian poets are not represented here, and of those whose names appear the selections chosen are not always typical. Except for a half dozen recently published poems, the selections are those which have been read and studied with pleasure in the Public School Grades of the Practice School during the past ten years. Whenever possible the children themselves have been allowed to choose the poems to be included. The notes suggest the interests and tastes discovered in the pupils in actual lessons.

For permission to use copyright verses in this book, acknowledgments are due and are hereby gratefully tendered to :—

Mr. R. W. Service and his publishers, the Ryerson Press of Toronto, for "The Lone Trail."

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Mr. Alfred Gordon and Messrs. J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd., for "Canada to England," from "Vimy Ridge and Other Poems."

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The Pen and Pencil Club, Montreal, for "The Song of Orpheus," from Edward Brownlow's "Orpheus and Other Poems."

Messrs. McClelland & Stewart, Ltd., Toronto, for "Quebec," by Jean Blewett, and "September," by L. M. Montgomery, from "The Watchman"; "The Wonderful Fishing of Peterkin Spray," "The Wish," "The Tell Tale," and "A Springtime Wish," by Isabel Ecclestone Mackay.

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Major Charles G. D. Roberts for "Cambrai and Marne," from "New Poems."

The Ryerson Press, Toronto, for "Dawn," by James McCarroll, from "A Wreath of Canadian Song," "Twilight Song," by John Hunter-Duval, and "This Canada of Ours," by Sir James Edgar, from the same book; "The Death of Wolfe," by Duncan Anderson, "Skater and Wolves," by Geo. H. Clarke, "Sir John A. Macdonald," by John Wilson Bengough, and "The Grey Linnet," by James McCarroll, from "A Treasury of Canadian Verse."

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Charles Mair for his poem "A Ballad for Brave Women."

D. J. DICKIE,

Edmonton.

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The Canadian Poetry Book

LULLABY OF THE IROQUOIS

LITTLE brown baby-bird, lapped in your nest,
Wrapped in your nest,
Strapped in your nest,
Your straight little cradle-board rocks you to rest;
Its hands are your nest;
Its bands are your nest;
It swings from the down-bending branch of the oak;
You watch the camp flame, and the curling grey smoke;
But, oh! for your pretty black eyes sleep is best,—
Little brown baby of mine, go to rest.

Little brown baby-bird, swinging to sleep,
Winging to sleep,
Singing to sleep.
Your wonder-black eyes that so wide open keep,
Shielding their sleep,
Unyielding to sleep,
The heron is homing, the plover is still,
The night-owl calls from his haunt on the hill,
Afar the fox barks, afar the stars peep,—
Little brown baby of mine, go to sleep.

E. PAULINE JOHNSON.[1]

[1] From "Flint and Feather," by E. Pauline Johnson, published by arrangement with the Musson Book Co., Ltd., Toronto.

THE WHITY PINKY PIG

ARTHUR was a doctor
And travelled in a gig,
Edgar was a learnèd judge
And wore a gown and wig;
Fred was a comedian
And danced a funny jig,
And Ernest was a farmer,
With a whity pinky pig:
A whity pinky, sharp and slinky,
Little blinky pig.

Edith was a mamma,
With a waxen baby big,
Lucy was a florist,
Who planted out a twig,
Nellie as a grocer sold
An apple and a fig;
And all would have been happy
Had it not been for the pig:
That pinky whity, small and mighty,
Queer and flighty pig.

He gobbled up the groceries,
He rooted up the twig;
The doctor's pony Rover
Ran at him and broke the gig;
He tangled up the learnèd judge
Until he dropped his wig,
And he stole the baby's cookies,
Did that whity pinky pig:
That whity pinky, quick as winky,
Swim-or-sinky pig.

ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

THE WONDERFUL FISHING OF PETERKIN SPRAY

A FISHERMAN bold was Peterkin Spray,
And he sailed and he sailed and he sailed away;
And when he got there, he embarked once more
Down the path that leads to the Sun's back door.
" Ho, ho ! " said the Sun, " here is Fisherman Spray;
But the cook doesn't need any salmon to-day."

" Too bad, Mr. Sun ! " said Peterkin Spray,
And he sailed and he sailed and he sailed away;
But the wind was so light that 'twas half-past eight
When he called his wares at the Moon-man's gate.
" Fresh fish ! " he cried, but the Moon-man said,
" I never eat fish when I'm going to bed."

" What a fussy old Moon ! " sighed Peterkin Spray,
And he sailed and he sailed and he sailed away;
And when he got there, he exclaimed, " My Stars !
I had almost forgotten to call on Mars."
" Fine fish ! " cried Mars, and he smacked his lips,
" Charge a dozen or so to my next eclipse! "

" O dear, O dear ! " sighed Peterkin Spray,
And he sailed and he sailed and he sailed away;
And when he got there, he declared, " I wish
I never, never had learned to fish.
For some won't buy, and others won't pay,
And I'm tired and tired of sailing away ! "

" I know what I'll do ! " said Peterkin Spray,
And he turned his boat down the Milky Way.
He opened the dipper (yes, honest, he did !),
He popped in his cargo and slapped down the lid.
" Here's a kettle of fish ! " laughed Peterkin Spray,
And he sailed and he sailed and he sailed away.

ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY.

A WAKING-UP SONG

TELL me, little baby, when you go to sleep,
What the fields of harvest dreamily you reap ?
Or is it always spring-time ? Do the fairies sow
Sleepy little lullabies all in a row ?
Sow they golden barley ? Sow they silver rye ?
Do they sow the Cry-seed for the By-and-by ?

Tell me, little baby, is it really true
They sow the skies with chicory to make your eyes of blue,
They watch the pink rose flower to tinge small cheeks of snow,
They gather heaps of sunbeams to help your hair to grow ?
Tell me, little baby, when you wake from rest,
Do you like sky-fairies or your mother best ?

FLORENCE RANDALL LIVESAY.

SLEEPY MAN

WHEN the Sleepy Man comes with the dust on his eyes
(Oh, weary, my Dearie, so weary !)
He shuts up the earth, and he opens the skies,
(So hush-a-by, weary my Dearie !)

He smiles through his fingers, and shuts up the sun ;
(Oh, weary, my Dearie, so weary !)
The stars that he loves he lets out one by one,
(So hush-a-by, weary my Dearie !)

He comes from the castles of Drowsy-boy Town
(Oh, weary, my Dearie, so weary !)
At the touch of his hand the tired eyelids fall down,
(So hush-a-by, weary my Dearie !)

He comes with a murmur of dream in his wings
(Oh, weary, my Dearie, so weary !)
And whispers of mermaids and wonderful things.
(So hush-a-by, weary my Dearie !)

Then the top is a burden, the bugle a bane
(Oh, weary, my Dearie, so weary !)
When one would be faring down Dream-a-way Lane
(So hush-a-by, weary my Dearie !)

When one would be wending in Lullaby Wherry,
(Oh, weary, my Dearie, so weary !)
To Sleepy Man's Castle by Comforting Ferry,
(So hush-a-by, weary my Dearie !)

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.[1]

[1] From "The Book of the Native," by Charles G. D. Roberts, published by arrangement with the Page Company, Boston.

THE MAPLE

I

It is the blood-hued maple, straight and strong,
Voicing abroad its patriotic song.

II

Its daring colours bravely flinging forth
The ensign of the Nation of the North.

E. Pauline Johnson.[1]

THE SHEPHERDS' SONG

We be silly shepherds,
  Men of no renown,
Guarding well our sheepfolds
  Hard by Bethlehem town.
Baby Jesus, guard us all,
Cot and sheepfold, bower and stall.

Wild the wind was blowing,
  Sudden all was still,
Laughter soft of angels
  Rang from hill to hill.
Baby Jesus, Thou wast born
Ere that midnight paled to morn.

Seek we now Thy presence
  With our gifts of love;
Felix brings a lambkin,
  I will give a dove.
Baby Jesus, small and sweet,
Lo! we lay them at Thy feet.

Norah Holland.

[1] From "Flint and Feather," by E. Pauline Johnson, published by arrangement with the Musson Book Co., Ltd., Toronto.

THE WISH

A LEPRECAUN-FAIRY was pegging some shoes
(Tickety, tackety, tee !)
With long, curly toes, like the court-fairies use,
All red like the sumach, in pairs made of twos—
" For fear they'd be lonely," said he.

" O Shoemaker green, I have spied on you thrice !
(Tickety, tackety, tee !)
I have called your name once, I have called your name twice,
And now, Mister Leprecaun, pay me my price ! "
" Ah, sure ! if you wish it," said he.

" One wish ye may have for the sight of your eyes
(And only one, mind ye," said he).
" So take your time now, that the wish may be wise,
For a wish comin' true is a bit of surprise."
(Tickety, tackety, tee !)

" And what if I wish for a big, golden ball ?
(Tickety, tackety, tee !)
And what if I wish for the blue sky to fall ?
And what if I wish for the great world-and-all ? "
" Just be pleasin' your fancy ! " said he.

" But, Leprecaun, dear, tell me what would YOU do ?
(Tickety, tackety, tee !)
For how can I know if the sky is real blue ?
Is the world-and-all heavy ? I'll leave it to you "—
" 'Tis a bit of a handful ! " said he.

" And what if you wanted a million of things ?
(Tickety, tackety, tee !)

If you longed for the rainbow, and wished you had
wings,
And a gown of pink velvet and toffy in strings?"
"Sure, I think I'd go crazy!" said he.

"'Tis plain ye can't choose," said the Leprecaun green,
(Tickety, tackety, tee!)
"So, since I've no time for a shiftless colleen,
Sure, I'll give ye these shoes, with a wish in between—
Ye'll find it there—maybe!" said he.

Ochone, and ochone! He was up and away!
(Tickety, tackety, tee!)
And red as the sumach the fairy shoes lay,
With the wish in between—and one fortunate day,
"'Tis THE ONE WISH I WANTED!" said she.

ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY.

INDIAN SUMMER

ALONG the line of smoky hills
The crimson forest stands,
And all day the blue-jay calls
Throughout the autumn lands.

Now, by the brook the maple leans,
With all his glory spread;
And all the sumachs on the hills
Have turned their green to red.

Now, by great marshes wrapt in mist,
Or past some river's mouth,
Throughout the long still autumn day
Wild birds are flying south.

WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL.

SWALLOWS

O LITTLE hearts, beat home, beat home,
Here is no place to rest,
Night darkens on the falling foam
And on the fading west.
O little wings, beat home, beat home,
Love may no longer roam.

O, Love has touched the fields of wheat,
And Love has crowned the corn,
And we must follow Love's white feet
Through all the ways of morn;
Through all the silver roads of air
We pass and have no care.

The silver roads of Love are wide,
O winds that turn, O stars that guide,
Sweet are the ways that Love has trod
Through the clear skies that reach to God.
But in the cliff-grass Love builds deep
A place where wandering wings may sleep.

MARJORIE PICKTHALL.

MR. MOON

A SONG OF THE LITTLE PEOPLE

O Moon, Mr. Moon,
When you comin' down?
Down on the hilltop,
Down in the Glen;
Out in the clearin',
To play with little men?
Moon, Mr. Moon,
When you comin' down?

O Mr. Moon,
Hurry up your stumps!
Don't you hear Bullfrog
Callin' to his wife,
And old black Cricket
A-wheezin' at his fife?
Hurry up your stumps,
And get on your pumps!
Moon, Mr. Moon,
When you comin' down?

O Mr. Moon,
Hurry up along!
The reeds in the current
Are whisperin' slow;
The rivers a-wimplin'
To and fro.
Hurry up along,
Or you'll miss the song!
Moon, Mr. Moon,
When you comin' down?

O Mr. Moon,
We're all here!
Honey-bug, Thistledrift,
White-imp, Weird,
Wryface, Billikin,
Quidnunc, Queered;
We're all here,
And the coast is clear!
Moon, Mr. Moon,
When you comin' down?

O Mr. Moon,
We're the little men!
Dewlap, Pussymouse,
Ferntip, Freak,
Drink-again, Shambler,
Talkytalk, Squeak;
Three times ten
Of us little men!
Moon, Mr. Moon,
When you comin' down?

O Mr. Moon,
We're all ready!
Tallenough, Squaretoes,
Amble, Tip,
Buddybud, Heigho,
Little Black Pip;
We're all ready,
And the wind walks steady!
Moon, Mr. Moon,
When you comin' down?

O Mr. Moon,
We're thirty score;
Yellowbeard, Piper,
Lie-abed, Toots,
Meadowbee, Moonboy,
Bully-in-boots;
Three times more
Than thirty score.
Moon, Mr. Moon,
When you comin' down?

O Mr. Moon,
Keep your eye peeled;
Watch out to windward,
Or you'll miss the fun,
Down by the acre
Where the wheat-waves run;
Keep your eye peeled
For the open field.
Moon, Mr. Moon,
When you comin' down?

O Mr. Moon,
There's not much time!
Hurry, if you're comin',
You lazy old bones!
You can sleep to-morrow
While the Buzbuz drones;
There's not much time
Till the church-bells chime.
Moon, Mr. Moon,
When you comin' down?

O Mr. Moon,
Just see the clover!
Soon we'll be going
Where the Gray Goose went
When all her money
Was spent, spent, spent!
Down through the clover,
When the revel's over!
Moon, Mr. Moon,
When you comin' down?

O Moon, Mr. Moon,
When you comin' down?
Down where the Good Folk
Dance in a ring;
Down where the Little Folk
Sing?
Moon, Mr. Moon,
When you comin' down?

BLISS CARMAN.[1]

IN APRIL

WHEN Spring unbound comes o'er us like a flood,
My spirit slips its bars,
And thrills to see the trees break into bud
As skies break into stars;

And joys that earth is green with eager grass,
The heavens gray with rain,
And quickens when the spirit breezes pass,
And turn and pass again;

And dreams upon frog melodies at night,
Bird ecstasies at dawn,
And wakes to find sweet April at her height
And May still beck'ning on;

And feels its sordid work, its empty play,
Its failures and its stains
Dissolved in blossom dew, and washed away
In delicate spring rains.

ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

[1] From "Ballads of Lost Haven," by Bliss Carman, published by arrangement with the Page Company, Boston.

A CANADIAN HERD-BOY

THROUGH the deep woods, at peep of day,
The careless herd-boy wends his way,
By piny ridge and forest stream,
To summon home his roving team:
Cobos! Cobos! from distant dell
Sly echo wafts the cattle-bell.—

A blithe reply he whistles back,
And follows out the devious track,
O'er fallen tree and mossy stone,—
A path to all save him unknown:
Cobos! Cobos! far down the dell
More faintly falls the cattle-bell.

See, the dark swamp before him throws
A tangled maze of cedar boughs;
On all around deep silence broods—
In Nature's boundless solitudes:
Cobos! Cobos! the breezes swell
As nearer floats the cattle-bell.—

He sees them now; beneath yon trees
His motley herd recline at ease:
With lazy pace and sullen stare
They slowly leave their shady lair:
Cobos! Cobos! far up the dell
Quick jingling comes the cattle-bell.

SUSANNA MOODIE.

THE TELL TALE

We used to like the little birds,
  We thought them good and kind;
We never took a single egg
  ('Less we left lots behind);
And every morning me and Bill
Put crumbs upon the window-sill.

There was a robin used to hop
  Right close up to our door;
He'd cock his saucy head, and say:
  "Please, boy, I want some more,"
And I would say: "Here's more for you,
And some for Mrs. Robin, too."

But one day Bill and me went down
  To paddle in the stream,
And fell splash in! We'd sense enough
  To know we mustn't scream.
And when we'd dried our clothes quite well
You couldn't hardly, poss'bly tell.

But when we both got home that night
  Our mother knew it all.
She knew how we'd been SOAKIN' wet,
  And how we came to fall—
And when she tucked us up in bed,
"A little birdie told!" she said.

Bill thinks it was the Robin, and
He feels just mighty sore;
He says: "That bird can get his crumbs
At someone else's door!"
I—just can't hardly b'lieve that he
Would go and TELL on Bill and me!

ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY.

THE INDIAN CORN PLANTER

HE needs must leave the trapping and the chase,
For mating game his arrows ne'er despoil,
And from the hunter's heaven turn his face,
To wring some promise from the dormant soil.

He needs must leave the lodge that wintered him,
The enervating fires, the blanket bed,
The women's dulcet voices, for the grim
Realities of labouring for his bread.

So goes he forth beneath the planter's moon
With sack of seed that pledges large increase:
His simple pagan faith knows night, and noon,
Heat, cold, seedtime and harvest shall not cease.

And yielding to his needs, this honest sod,
Brown as the hand that tills it, moist with rain,
Teeming with ripe fulfilment, true as God,
With fostering richness, mothers every grain.

E. PAULINE JOHNSON.[1]

[1] From "Flint and Feather," by E. Pauline Johnson, published by arrangement with the Musson Book Co., Ltd., Toronto.

ON THE STEPPES

On the steppes two fir-trees old
Their shrunken trunks uphold.

And there stands a third between
Splendid in its towering green.

A young Cossack lies sick on the road,
A young Cossack lies low.

Spent he lies, and he fears that death
Waits beside for his last-drawn breath.

" O my brothers, pray you run
To let my mother know,
To let my mother know !

" Let her come where the frontier lies
To bury the Cossack,
To bury the Cossack."

(" *O son of mine,*" *she wailing cries,*
" *Lo, ever thus the sinner dies !*

" *Thy stubborn heart that would not bend,*
Such is thine end, such is thine end ! ")

" And my grave, O Mother dear,
With stones thou'lt heap it high,
With stones thou'lt heap it high.

" Plant at my head red cranberries,
Scarlet against the sky,
Scarlet against the sky.

" Upon the branches hang
A bright-red scarf, like flame,
A scarf, like glowing flame.

" To show how Cossacks die :
Ukraine shall know my fame,
Ukraine shall know my fame ! "

Translated by FLORENCE RANDALL LIVESAY.

THE RIDERS OF THE PLAINS

(*The Royal North-West Mounted Police*)

WHO is it lacks the knowledge ? Who are the curs that dare
To whine and sneer that they do not fear the whelps in the Lion's lair ?
But we of the North will answer, while life in the North remains,
Let the curs beware lest the whelps they dare are the Riders of the Plains ;
For these are the kind whose muscle makes the power of the Lion's jaw,
And they keep the peace of our people and the honour of British law.

A woman has painted a picture,—'tis a neat little bit of art
The critics aver, and it roused up for her the love of the big British heart.
'Tis a sketch of an English Bulldog that tigers would scarce attack;
And round and about and beneath him is painted the Union Jack,
With its blaze of colour, and courage, its daring in every fold,
And underneath is the title, "What we have we'll hold."
'Tis a picture plain as a mirror, but the reflex it contains
Is the counterpart of the life and heart of the Riders of the Plains;
For like to that flag and that motto, and the power of that bulldog's jaw,
They keep the peace of our people and the honour of British law.

These are the fearless fighters, whose life in the open lies,
Who never fail on the prairie trail 'neath the Territorial skies,
Who have laughed in the face of the bullets and the edge of the rebels' steel,
Who have set their ban on the lawless man with his crime beneath their heel;
These are the men who battle the blizzards, the suns, the rains,
These are the famed that the North has named "The Riders of the Plains,"
And theirs is the might and the meaning and the strength of the bulldog's jaw,
While they keep the peace of the people and the honour of British law.

These are the men of action, who need not the world's renown,
For their valour is known to England's throne as a gem in the British crown;
These are the men who face the front, with courage the world may scan,
The men who are feared by the felon, but are loved by the honest man;
These are the marrow, the pith, the cream, the best that the blood contains,
Who have cast their days in the valiant ways of the Riders of the Plains;
And theirs is the kind whose muscle makes the power of old England's jaw,
And they keep the peace of her people and the honour of British law.

Then down with the cur that questions,—let him slink to his craven den,
For he daren't deny our hot reply as to "who are our mounted men."
He shall honour them east and westward, he shall honour them south and north,
He shall bare his head to that coat of red wherever that red rides forth.
'Tis well that he knows the fibre that the great North-West contains,
The North-West pride in her men that ride on the Territorial plains,—
For such as these are the muscles and the teeth in the Lion's jaw,
And they keep the peace of our people and the honour of British law.

E. Pauline Johnson.[1]

[1] From "Flint and Feather," by E. Pauline Johnson, published by arrangement with the Musson Book Co., Ltd., Toronto.

WHERE LUCK LIES

You, my brother, stayed at home,
Threshing out the beans—
I hied me to Germany,
Seeking where my Luck might be,
League on league to roam.

Under Bukowina's sky,
Even there I went,
Passed the flinty Tyrol's bar,
Wandered till I reached a star—
Wandering still am I!

Ah, my brother, you did well—
Threshing all the while.
Luck that would not come to me,
Luck I went so far to see,
In your beans it fell!

Translated by FLORENCE RANDALL LIVESAY.[1]

MY THOUGHTS

My thoughts are like a flock of sheep
Upon a windy wold,
At eventide they homeward creep
To shelter from the cold;
And when I lay me down to sleep
They rest within the fold.

BEATRICE REDPATH.

[1] The original poem is by the Bukovinian Poet, Fedkovich.

IN APPLE TIME

THE apple harvest days are here,
The boding apple harvest days,
And down the flaming valley ways
The foresters of time draw near.

Through leagues of bloom I went with Spring,
To call you on the slopes of morn,
Where in imperious song is borne
The wild heart of the golden-wing.

I roamed through alien summer lands,
I sought your beauty near and far;
To-day, where russet shadows are,
I hold your face between my hands.

On runnels dark by slopes of fern,
The hazy undern sleeps in sun,
Remembrance and desire undone,
From old regret to dreams return.

The apple harvest time is here,
The tender apple harvest time;
A sheltering calm, unknown at prime,
Settles upon the brooding year.

BLISS CARMAN.[1]

[1] From "Low Tide on Grand Pré," by Bliss Carman, published by arrangement with the Page Company, Boston.

AS RED MEN DIE

CAPTIVE! Is there a hell to him like this?
A taunt more galling than the Huron's hiss?
He—proud and scornful; he—who laughed at law;
He—scion of the deadly Iroquois;
He—the bloodthirsty; he—the Mohawk chief;
He—who despises pain and sneers at grief,
Here in the hated Huron's vicious clutch,
That even captive he disdains to touch.

Captive! But NEVER conquered; Mohawk brave
Stoops not to be to any man a slave;
Least, to the puny tribe his soul abhors,
The tribe whose wigwams sprinkle Simcoe's shores.
With scowling brow he stands and courage high,
Watching with haughty and defiant eye
His captors, as they council o'er his fate,
Or strive his boldness to intimidate.
Then fling they unto him the choice:

"Wilt thou
Walk o'er the bed that waits thee now—
Walk with uncovered feet upon the coals,
Until thou reach the ghostly Land of Souls,
And, with thy Mohawk death-song, please our ear?
OR WILT THOU WITH THE WOMEN REST THEE HERE?"
His eyes flash like an eagle's, and his hands
Clench at the insult. Like a god he stands.
"Prepare the fire!" he scornfully demands.

He knoweth not that this same jeering band
Will bite the dust—will lick the Mohawk's hand;
Will kneel and cower at the Mohawk's feet;
Will shrink when Mohawk war-drums wildly beat.

His death will be avenged with hideous hate
By Iroquois, swift to annihilate
His vile, detested captors, that now flaunt
Their war-clubs in his face with sneer and taunt,
Not thinking soon that reeking, red, and raw,
Their scalps will deck the belts of Iroquois.

The path of coals outstretches, white with heat,
A forest fir's length—ready for his feet.
Unflinching as a rock he steps along
The burning mass, and sings his wild war-song;
Sings, as he sang when once he used to roam
Throughout the forests of his southern home,
Where, down the Genesee, the water roars,
Where gentle Mohawk purls between its shores,
Songs, that of exploit and of prowess tell;
Songs of the Iroquois invincible.

Up the long trail of fire he boasting goes,
Dancing a war-dance to defy his foes.
His flesh is scorched, his muscles burn and shrink,
But still he dances to death's awful brink;
The eagle plume that crests his haughty head
Will never droop until his heart be dead.
Slower and slower yet his footstep swings,
Wilder and wilder still his death-song rings,

Fiercer and fiercer thro' the forest bounds
His voice that leaps to Happier Hunting-grounds.
One savage yell—
Then, loyal to his race,
He bends to death—but NEVER to disgrace.

E. PAULINE JOHNSON.[1]

AFTER SCHOOL

WHEN all my lessons have been learned,
And the last year at school is done,
I shall put up my books and games;
"Good-bye, my fellows, every one!"

The dusty road will not seem long,
Nor twilight lonely, nor forlorn
The everlasting whippoorwills
That lead me back where I was born.

And there beside the open door,
In a large country dim and cool,
Her waiting smile shall hear at last,
"Mother, I am come home from school."

BLISS CARMAN.[2]

[1] From "Flint and Feather," by E. Pauline Johnson, published by arrangement with the Musson Book Co., Ltd., Toronto.

[2] From "The Green Book of the Bards," by Bliss Carman, published by arrangement with the Page Company, Boston.

LITTLE BATEESE

You bad leetle boy, not moche you care
How busy you're kipin' your poor gran'père
Tryin' to stop you ev'ry day
Chasin' de hen aroun' de hay—
W'y don't you geev' dem a chance to lay?
Leetle Bateese!

Off on de fiel' you foller de plough,
Den w'en you're tire you scare de cow,
Sickin' de dog till dey jomp de wall
So de milk ain't good for not'ing at all—
An' you're only five an' a half dis fall,
Leetle Bateese!

Too sleepy for sayin' de prayer to-night?
Never min', I s'pose it'll be all right,
Say dem to-morrow—ah! dere he go!
Fas' asleep in a minute or so—
And he'll stay lak dat till de rooster crow,
Leetle Bateese!

Den wake us up right away *toute suite*,
Lookin' for somet'ing more to eat,
Makin' me t'ink of dem long leg crane,
Soon as dey swaller, dey start again.
I wonder your stomach don't get no pain,
Leetle Bateese!

But see heem now lyin' dere in bed,
Look at de arm onderneat' hees head;
If he grow lak dat till he's twenty year
I bet he'll be stronger dan Louis Cyr,
An' beat all de voyageurs leevin' here,
Leetle Bateese!

Jus' feel de muscle along hees back,
Won't geev' heem moche bodder for carry pack
On de long portage, any size canoe,
Dere's not many t'ing dat boy won't do,
For he's got double-joint on hees body too,
Leetle Bateese!

But, leetle Bateese! please don't forget
We rader you're stayin' de small boy yet;
So chase de chicken an' mak' dem scare,
An' do w'at you lak wit' your gran'père,
For w'en you're beeg feller he won't be dere—
Leetle Bateese!

W. H. DRUMMOND.

JOHNNIE COURTEAU

JOHNNIE COURTEAU of de mountain,
Johnnie Courteau of de hill,
Dat was de boy can shoot de gun,
Dat was de boy can jomp an' run,
An' it's not very offen you ketch heem still,
Johnnie Courteau!

Ax dem along de reever,
Ax dem along de shore,
Who was de mos' bes' fightin' man
From Managance to Shaw-in-i-gan,
De place w'ere de great beeg rapide roar?
Johnnie Courteau!

Sam' t'ing on ev'ry shaintee
Up on de Mekinac:
Who was de man can walk de log,
W'en w'ole of de reever she's black wit' fog,
An' carry de beeges' load on hees back?
Johnnie Courteau!

On de rapide you want to see heem
If de raf' she's swingin' roun',
An' he's yellin', "Hooraw, Bateese! good man!"
W'y de oar come double on hees han'
W'en he's makin' dat raf' go flyin' down—
Johnnie Courteau!

An' Tête de Boule chief can tole you
De feller w'at save hees life,
W'en big moose ketch heem up a tree,
Who's shootin' dat moose on de head, sapree!
An' den run off wit' hees Injun wife?
Johnnie Courteau!

An' he only have pike pole wit' heem
On Lac a la Tortue
W'en he meet de bear comin' down de hill,
But de bear very soon is get hees fill!
An' he sole dat skin for ten dollar too,
Johnnie Courteau!

Oh! he never was scare for no'ting
Lak de ole coureurs de bois,
But w'en he's gettin' hees winter pay
De bes' t'ing sure is kip out de way,
For he's goin' right off on de Hip Hooraw!
Johnnie Courteau!

Den pullin' hees sash aroun' heem
He dance on hees botte sauvage
An' shout, "All aboar' if you want to fight!"
Wall! you never can see de finer sight
W'en he go lak dat on de w'ole village!
Johnnie Courteau!

But Johnnie Courteau get marry
On Philomene Beaurepaire:
She's nice leetle girl was run de school
On w'at you call parish of Sainte Ursule,
An' he see her off on de pique-nique dere—
Johnnie Courteau!

Den somet'ing come over Johnnie
W'en he marry on Philomene,
For he stay on de farm de w'ole year roun',
He chop de wood an' he plough de groun',
An' he's quieter feller was never seen—
Johnnie Courteau!

An' ev'ry wan feel astonish,
From La Tuque to Shaw-in-i-gan,
W'en day hear de news was goin' aroun',
Along on de reever up an' down,
How wan leetle woman boss dat beeg man—
Johnnie Courteau!

He never come out on de evening
No matter de hard we try,
'Cos he stay on de kitchen an' sing hees song,

"A la claire fontaine,
M'en allant promener,
J'ai trouvé l'eau si belle
Que je m'y suis baigner!
Il y a longtemps que je t'aime
Jamais je ne t'oublierai."

Rockin' de cradle de w'ole night long
Till baby's asleep on de sweet bimeby—
Johnnie Courteau!

An' de house, wall! I wish you see it,
De place she's so nice an' clean,
Mus' wipe your foot on de outside door,
You're dead man sure if you spit on de floor,
An' he never say not'ing on Philomene—
Johnnie Courteau!

An' Philomene watch de monee
An' put it all safe away
On very good place; I dunno w'ere,
But anyhow nobody see it dere,
So she's buyin' new farm de noder day—
Madame Courteau!

W. H. Drummond.

A BALLAD FOR BRAVE WOMEN

A STORY worth telling our annals afford,
'Tis the wonderful journey of Laura Secord!
Her poor crippled spouse hobbled home with the news,
That Bœrstler was nigh! "Not a minute to lose,
Not an instant," said Laura, "for stoppage or pause—
I must hurry and warn our brave troops at Decaw's."
"What! you!" said her husband, "to famish and tire!"
"Yes, me!" said brave Laura, her bosom on fire.
"And how will you pass the gruff sentry," said he,
"Who is posted so near us?"

"Just wait till you see;
The foe is approaching, and means to surprise
Our troops, as you tell me. Oh, husband, there flies
No dove with a message so needful as this—
I'll take it, I'll bear it. Good-bye, with a kiss."
Then a biscuit she ate, tucked her skirts well about,
And a bucket she slung on each arm, and went out.

'Twas the bright blush of dawn, when the stars melt from sight,
Dissolved by its breath like a dream of the night;
When Heaven seems opening on man and his pain,
Ere the rude day strengthens and shuts it again.
But Laura had eyes for her duty alone—
She marked not the glow and the gloom that were thrown
By the nurslings of morn, by the cloud-lands at rest,
By the spells of the East, and the weirds of the West.

Behind was the foe, full of craft and of guile;
Before her, a long day of travel and toil.
"No time this for gazing," said Laura, as near
To the sentry she drew.
"Halt! You cannot pass here."
"I cannot pass here! Why, sirrah, you drowse,
Are you blind? Don't you see I am off to my cows?"
"Well, well, you can go." So she wended her way
To the pasture's lone side, where the farthest cow lay,
Got her up, caught a teat, and, with pail at her knees,
Made her budge, inch by inch, till she drew by degrees
To the edge of the forest. "I've hoaxed, on my word,
Both you and the sentry," said Laura Secord.

With a lingering look at her home, then away
She sped through the wild wood—a wilderness gray—
Nature's privacy, haunt of a virgin sublime,
And the mother who bore her, as ancient as Time;
Where the linden had space for its fans and its flowers,
The balsam its tents, and the cedar its bowers;
Where the lord of the forest, the oak, had its realm,
The ash its domain, and its kingdom the elm;
Where the pine bowed its antlers in tempests, and gave
To the ocean of leaves the wild dash of the wave;
And the mystical hemlock—the forest's high-priest—
Hung its weird, raking, top-gallant branch to the east.

And denser and deeper the solitude grew,
The underwood thickened, and drenched her with dew;
She tripped over moss-covered logs, fell, arose,
Sped, and stumbled again by the hour, till her clothes
Were rent by the branches and thorns, and her feet
Grew tender and way-worn and blistered with heat.

And on, ever on, through the forest she passed,
Her soul in her task, but each pulse beating fast,
For shadowy forms seemed to flit from the glades,
And beckon her into their limitless shades;
And mystical sounds—in the forest alone,
Ah! who has not heard them?—the voices, the moan
Or the sigh of mute nature, which sinks on the ear,
And fills us with sadness or thrills us with fear?
And who, lone and lost in the wilderness deep,
Has not felt the strange fancies, the tremors which creep
And assemble within, till the heart 'gins to fail,
The courage to flinch, and the cheeks to grow pale,
'Midst the shadows which mantle the spirit that broods
In the sombre, the deep haunted heart of the woods?

She stopped—it was noonday. The wilds she espied
Seemed solitudes measureless. "Help me!" she cried;
Her piteous lips parched with thirst, and her eyes
Strained with gazing. The sun in his infinite skies
Looked down on no creature more hapless than she,
For woman is woman where'er she may be.
For a moment she faltered, then came to her side
The heroine's spirit—the Angel of Pride.
One moment she faltered. Beware! What is this?
The coil of the serpent! the rattlesnake's hiss!
One moment, then onward. What sounds far and near?
The howl of the wolf, yet she turned not in fear,
Nor bent from her course till her eye caught a gleam,
From the woods, of a meadow through which flowed a stream.

Pure and sweet with the savour of leaf and of flower,
By the night-dew distilled and the soft forest shower;
Pure and cold as its spring in the rock crystalline,
Whence it gurgled and gushed 'twixt the roots of the pine.

And blest above bliss is the pleasure of thirst,
Where there's water to quench it; for pleasure is nursed
In the cradle of pain, and twin marvels are they
Whose interdependence is born with our clay.
Yes, blessed is water, and blessed is thirst,
Where there's water to quench it; but this is the worst
Of this life, that we reck not the blessings God sends,
Till denied them. But Laura, who felt she had friends
In Heaven, as well as on earth, knew to thank
The Giver of all things, and gratefully drank.

Once more on the pathway, through swamp and through mire,
Through covert and thicket, through bramble and brier,
She toiled to the highway, then over the hill,
And down the deep valley, and past the new mill,
And through the next woods, till, at sunset, she came
To the first British picket and murmured her name;
Thence, guarded by Indians, footsore and pale,
She was led to Fitzgibbon, and told him her tale.

For a moment her reason forsook her; she raved,
She laughed, and she cried—"They are saved, they are saved!"

Then her senses returned, and, with thanks loud and deep
Sounding sweetly around her, she sank into sleep.
And Bœrstler came up, but his movements were known,
His force was surrounded, his scheme was o'erthrown.
By a woman's devotion—on stone be't engraved—
The foeman was beaten, and Burlington saved.

Ah! faithful to death were our women of yore!
Have they fled with the past, to be heard of no more?
No, no! Though this laurelled one sleeps in the grave,
We have maidens as true, we have matrons as brave;
And should Canada ever be forced to the test—
To spend for our country the blood of her best—
When her sons lift the linstock and brandish the sword,
Her daughters will think of brave Laura Secord.

CHARLES MAIR.

THE LEGEND OF QU'APPELLE VALLEY

I AM the one who loved her as my life,
Had watched her grow to sweet young womanhood;
Won the dear privilege to call her wife,
And found the world, because of her, was good.
I am the one who heard the spirit voice,
Of which the Paleface settlers love to tell;
From whose strange story they have made their choice
Of naming this fair valley the "Qu'Appelle."

She had said fondly in my eager ear—
" When Indian summer smiles with dusky lip,
Come to the Lakes, I will be first to hear
The welcome music of thy paddle dip.
I will be first to lay in thine my hand,
To whisper words of greeting on the shore;
And when thou would'st return to thine own land,
I'll go with thee, thy wife for evermore."

Nor yet a leaf had fallen, not a tone
Of frost upon the plain ere I set forth,
Impatient to possess her as my own—
This queen of all the women of the North.
I rested not at even or at dawn,
But journeyed all the dark and daylight through—
Until I reached the Lakes, and, hurrying on,
I launched upon their bosom my canoe.

Of sleep or hunger then I took no heed,
But hastened o'er their leagues of waterways;
But my hot heart outstripped my paddle's speed
And waited not for distance or for days,
But flew before me swifter than the blade
Of magic paddle ever cleaved the lake,
Eager to lay its love before the maid,
And watch the lovelight in her eyes awake.

So the long days went slowly drifting past;
It seemed the half my life must intervene
Before the morrow, when I said at last—
" One more day's journey and I win my Queen."
I rested then, and, drifting, dreamed the more
Of all the happiness I was to claim,—
When suddenly from out the shadowed shore,
I heard a voice speak tenderly my name.

" Who calls?" I answered; no reply; and long
I stilled my paddle blade and listened. Then
Above the night wind's melancholy song
I heard distinctly that strange voice again—
A woman's voice, that through the twilight came
Like to a soul unborn—a song unsung.
I leaned and listened—yes, she spoke my name;
And then I answered in the quaint French tongue:
"Qu'appelle? Qu'appelle?" No answer, and the night
Seemed stiller for the sound, till round me fell
The far-off echoes from the far-off height—
" Qu'appelle?" my voice came back, " Qu'appelle?
Qu'appelle?"
This—and no more; I called aloud until
I shuddered as the gloom of night increased,
And, like a pallid spectre, wan and chill,
The moon arose in silence from the east.
I dare not linger on the moment when
My boat I beached beside her tepee door;
I heard the wail of women and of men—
I saw the death-fires lighted on the shore.
No language tells the torture or the pain,
The bitterness that flooded all my life—
When I was led to look on her again,
That queen of women pledged to be my wife.
To look upon the beauty of her face,
The still, closed eyes, the lips that knew no breath;
To look, to learn,—to realize my place
Had been usurped by my one rival—Death.
A storm of wrecking sorrow beat and broke
About my heart, and life shut out its light
Till through my anguish some one gently spoke,
And said: " Twice did she call for thee last night."

I started up, and bending o'er my dead,
Asked when did her sweet lips in silence close.
"She called thy name—then passed away," they said,
"Just on the hour whereat the moon arose."

Among the lonely lakes I go no more,
For she who made their beauty is not there;
The paleface rears his tepee on the shore,
And says the vale is fairest of the fair.
Full many years have vanished since, but still
The voyageurs beside the camp-fire tell
How, when the moonrise tips the distant hill,
They hear strange voices through the silence swell.
The paleface loves the haunted lakes they say,
And journeys far to watch their beauty spread
Before his vision; but to me the day,
The night, the hour, the seasons all are dead.
I listen heartsick, while the hunters tell
Why white men named the valley The Qu'Appelle.

E. PAULINE JOHNSON.[1]

IN FLANDERS FIELDS

IN Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

[1] From "Flint and Feather," by E. Pauline Johnson, published by arrangement with the Musson Book Co., Ltd., Toronto.

Take up our quarrel with the foe;
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

JOHN McCRAE.

KITCHENER

WEEP, waves of England! Nobler clay
Was ne'er to nobler grave consigned;
The wild waves weep with us to-day
Who mourn a nation's master mind.

We hoped an honoured age for him,
And ashes laid with England's great;
And rapturous music, and the dim,
Deep hush that veils our Tomb of State.

But this is better. Let him sleep
Where sleep the men who made us free,
For England's heart is in the deep,
And England's glory is the sea.

One only vow above his bier,
One only oath beside his bed;
We swear our flag shall shield him here
Until the sea gives up its dead!

Leap, waves of England! Boastful be,
And fling defiance in the blast,
For Earth is envious of the Sea
Which shelters England's dead at last.

R. STEAD.

THE RIVER

WHY hurry, little river,
  Why hurry to the sea?
There is nothing there to do
But to sink into the blue
  And all forgotten be.
There is nothing on that shore
But the tides for evermore,
And the faint and far-off line
Where the winds across the brine
For ever, ever roam
And never find a home.

Why hurry, little river,
  From the mountains and the mead,
Where the graceful elms are sleeping
  And the quiet cattle feed?
The loving shadows cool
The deep and restful pool;
And every tribute stream
Brings its own sweet woodland dream
Of the mighty woods that sleep
Where the sighs of earth are deep,
And the silent skies look down
On the savage mountain's frown.

Oh, linger, little river,
  Your banks are all so fair,
Each morning is a hymn of praise,
  Each evening is a prayer.
All day the sunbeams glitter
  On your shallows and your bars,
And at night the dear God stills you
  With the music of the stars.

F. G. SCOTT.

TWILIGHT SONG

THE mountain peaks put on their hoods,
Good-night!
And the long shadows of the woods
Would fain the landscape cover quite;
The timid pigeons homeward fly,
Scared by the whoop owl's eerie cry,
Whoo-oop! whoo-oop!
As like a fiend he flitteth by;
The ox to stall, the fowl to coop,
The old man to his nightcap warm,
Young men and maids to slumber light—
Sweet Mary, keep our souls from harm!
Good-night! good-night!

JOHN HUNTER-DUVAR.

THIS CANADA OF OURS

LET other tongues in older lands
Loud vaunt their claims to glory,
And chaunt in triumph of the past,
Content to live in story.
Tho' boasting no baronial halls,
Nor ivy-crested towers,
What past can match thy glorious youth,
Fair Canada of ours?
Fair Canada,
Dear Canada,
This Canada of ours!

We love those far-off ocean isles
Where Britain's monarch reigns;

We'll ne'er forget the good old blood
That courses through our veins;
Proud Scotia's fame, old Erin's name,
And haughty Albion's powers,
Reflect their matchless lustre on
This Canada of ours.
Fair Canada,
Dear Canada,
This Canada of ours!

May our Dominion flourish then,
A goodly land and free,
Where Celt and Saxon, hand in hand,
Hold sway from sea to sea.
Strong arms shall guard our cherished homes
When darkest danger lowers,
And with our life-blood we'll defend
This Canada of ours.
Fair Canada,
Dear Canada,
This Canada of ours!

SIR JAMES EDGAR.

A SPRINGTIME WISH

O, TO be a robin
In the spring!
When the fleeting days of April
Are a-wing,
And the air is sweet with knowing,
Where the hidden buds are growing,
And the merry winds are going
Wandering!

O, to be a robin
With a nest
Built upon the budding branches—
East or West!
Just to swing and sway and dangle
Far from earth and all its tangle,
Joining in the gay bird-jangle,
With a zest!

O, to be a robin
Just to sing!
Not to have the pain of hating
Anything—
Just to race the foremost swallow
Over hill and over hollow—
And the joy of life to follow
Through the spring.

ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY.

A FAIRY TALE

WITH sword at side, on his charger good,
The King's son of Erin
Into the depths of the dark, green wood
Forward was faring;
Golden-armoured and golden-curled,
Faith, the sweetest song in the world
His heart was hearing!

Onward he rode, with heart elate;
Gaily he sought her—
She, the Princess, to be his mate,
The great King's daughter,

Jewelled fingers and golden crown,
Slim young body and eyes as brown
  As the brown bog-water.

On he rode through a laughing land:
  The ways grew wider,
There stood a cottage close at hand,
  And there he spied her—
O but her feet were brown and bare,
And brown were her curls, as she stood there
  With the geese beside her.

Alas! for the Princess, proud and slim,
  The great King's daughter;
We'll trust she wasted no thought on him,
  For he straight forgot her,
Forgot her jewels and golden crown,
For the goose-girl's laughing eyes were brown
  As the brown bog-water.

Then straightway down from his steed he sprang
  And bent above her;
O sweet the songs the breezes sang
  Across the clover;
But what the words he said in her ear,
Since none but her geese were by to hear,
  I can't discover.

And what of the Princess, proud and high?
  Good luck upon her!
Sure, another Prince came riding by,
  And he wooed and won her.
Now I tell the tale as 'twas told to me
By a fairy lad across the sea
  In County Connor.

NORAH HOLLAND.

THE DEATH OF WOLFE

Behind Jacques Cartier's hills the sun sinks low;
Low burn the beacon fires along the shore;
The drowsy watch dreams of his Norman Home,
And dusky warriors sleep, and deem their toils are o'er.

Beneath the raven wing of sable night,
A little band, with martial fire aglow,
Sweeps down, while he who nobly leads them on
Chides every tardy hour that parts him from the foe.

Not glory's star allures that dauntless breast,
Nor lust of conquest fires that eagle eye;
For hearth and home, for King and Crown, his brand
Unsheathes at duty's call, and Wolfe will win or die.

And while no ghostly form unveils the fate
That, ere to-morrow's eve, awaits the brave,—
Love's gifts all laid aside,—he grasps his sword,
And sighs, "The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

Adown the stream, past watch and ward they glide;
And as the keel grates on the rocky shore,
Silent and stern, and lithe as roe, each Gael
Upsprings o'er crag and fell, to meet the battle's roar.

II

And had New France no arm to rule the fight,
Or guard her oriflamme with dauntless breast?
Had the great Marquis wearied of the strife,
His war-worn blade to sheathe, and claim a soldier's rest?

Deserted by a ribald court and King,—
  Ruled by a shameless minion's reckless hand,—
A thousand vampires battening on her blood,—
  And knaves, or boastful fools deemed noblest of the land.

Cape Breton's capital laid with the ground,—
  Acadia lost,—of Western Empire shorn,—
No friendly fleet to shield her smouldering homes,
  And Stadacona's walls crumbling in sun and storm.

Such was New France,—but in her bosom glowed
  That patriot fire that burned, while life was there;
Not Vaudreuil's iron rule could cool her love,
  Nor Bigot's vile Friponne hound her to mad despair.

To arms! Grandsire and striplings seek the field;
  The Censitaires obey their Seigneurs' call;
Both high and low together ply the spade,
  And dainty hands weave gabions for the battered wall.

And on that morn, when like their mountain mist
  The Highland plumes waved o'er the beetling height,
One sentinel stood faithful at his post,—
  One watchful eye gazed wondering at the sight.

But ere the warning shot could tell the tale,
  The Scottish steel found sheath within his breast;
Long may his mother wait to greet her boy;—
  He sleeps with kindred brave on Abraham's lofty crest.

One cheer above! one answering shout below!
Swift ply the boats across the ebbing tide;
Victors of Louisbourg press proudly on,
And cheerily the gun toils up the mountain side.

The pass is won, and as grey morning breaks,
The living wave rolls o'er the grassy plain,—
Grass that ere noon shall reek with human blood
From heaps of dead, like weeds upheaved by storm-tost main.

III

Hark! the loud 'larum through the welkin rings;—
Down drop the sere leaves, with the cannon's roar;—
The red line forms; revenge in every eye,
For comrades slain on Montmorenci's blood-stained shore.

Firm as yon stalwart pines, that phalanx stands,
Waiting the chief's command to deal the blow,—
And silent all, save but the mountain pipe
Yelling forth fierce defiance to the gathering foe.

And on yon ridge Guienne's fair banners claim
The spot where empire's sway will prove the prize,
And where, from hostile ashes kindly blent,
A nobler form, like wakening Phœnix will arise.

In fiery haste, from Beauport's battered shore;
From feint and bloodless field, now hurry by
La Sarrè, Roussillon, Languedoc, Bearn, and all
Burning from baffled foe to wrest fresh victory.

No braver sons, to bear her banners well,
  Or laurels fresh to win, fair France might yield;
Oswego won, Fort William Henry theirs,—
  And noblest still, Ticonderoga's hard-fought field.

On sweeps that band beneath the rampart wall;—
  On through the crowded streets and teeming gates;—
On, where Guienne has watched since morn the lines,
  Where calm as coming storm the proud invader waits.

IV

Silent and stern, Montcalm rides on that morn,
  Heedless of warlike shouts, or battle songs;
Victor of Carillon! thy palms may fade,
  And Abraham's plains avenge Fort William Henry's wrongs.

Rank forms on rank, and as the managed hawk
  Strains on its leash to swoop upon the prey,
So curbs the ardent chief his champing steed,
  And longs to bid his warriors mingle in the fray.

What stays the heart that panted for the strife?
  Why lags the bold Vaudreuil, when battle calls?
Why guard a thousand men our peaceful lines?
  Why linger Ramesay's guns behind the sheltering walls?

"On with the charge!" he cries, and waves his sword;
  One rolling cheer five thousand voices swell;
The levelled guns pour forth their leaden shower,
  While thundering cannons' roar half drowns the Huron yell.

" On with the charge ! " with shout and cheer they come ;
No laggard there upon that field of fame,
The lurid plain gleams like a seething hell,
And every rock and tree send forth their bolts of flame.

On ! On ! they sweep. Uprise the waiting ranks—
Still as the grave—unmoved as granite wall ;—
The foe before—the dizzy crags behind—
They fight, the day to win, or like true warriors fall.

Forward they sternly move, then halt to wait
That raging sea of human life now near ;—
" Fire ! " rings from right to left,—each musket rings,
As if a thunder peal had struck the startled ear.

Again, and yet again that volley flies,—
With deadly aim the grapeshot sweeps the field ;—
All levelled for the charge, the bayonets gleam,
And brawny arms a thousand claymores fiercely wield.

And down the line swells high the British cheer,
That on a future day woke Minden's plain,
And the loud slogan that fair Scotland's foes
Have often heard with dread, and oft shall hear again.

And the shrill pipe its coronach that wailed
On dark Culloden moor o'er trampled dead,
Now sounds the " Onset " that each Clansman knows,
Still leads the foremost rank, where noblest blood is shed.

V

And on that day no nobler stained the sod
Than his, who for his country laid life down;
Who for a mighty Empire battled there,
And strove from rival's brow to wrest the laurel crown.

Twice struck—he recks not, but still heads the charge,
But ah! fate guides the marksman's fatal ball:—
With bleeding breast, he claims a comrade's aid,—
"We win—let not my soldiers see their Leader fall."

Full well he feels life's tide is ebbing fast,—
When hark! "They run; see how they run!" they cry.
"Who run?" "The foe." His eyes flash forth one gleam,
Then murmuring low he sighs, "Praise God, in peace I die."

VI

Far rolls the battle's din, and leaves its dead,
As when a cyclone through the forest cleaves;—
And the dread claymore heaps the path with slain,
As strews the biting cold the earth with autumn leaves.

The "Fleur de Lys" lies trodden on the ground,—
The slain Montcalm rests in his warrior grave,—
"All's well" resounds from tower and battlement,
And England's banners proudly o'er the ramparts wave.

Slowly the mighty warships sail away,
To tell their country of an empire won;
But, ah! they bear the death-roll of the slain,
And all that mortal is of Britain's noblest son.

VII

With bowèd head they lay their Hero down,
And pomp and pageant crown the deathless brave;—
Loud salvoes sing the soldier's lullaby,
And weeping millions bathe with tears his honoured grave.

Then bright the bonfires blaze on Albion's hills,—
And rends the very sky a people's joy;—
And even when grief broods o'er the vacant chair,
The mother's heart still nobly gives her gallant boy.

And while broad England gleams with glorious light,
And merry peals from every belfry ring;—
One little village lies all dark and still,
No fires are lighted there—no battle songs they sing.

There in her lonely cot, in widow's weeds,
A mother mourns—the silent tear-drops fall;
She too had given to swell proud England's fame,
But, ah! she gave the widow's mite—she gave her all!

DUNCAN ANDERSON.

CAMBRAI AND MARNE

Before our trenches at Cambrai
We saw their columns cringe away.
We saw their masses melt and reel
Before our line of leaping steel.

A handful to their storming hordes,
We scourged them with the scourge of swords,
And still, the more we slew, the more
Came up, for every slain a score.

Between the hedges and the town
The cursing squadrons we rode down;
To stay them we outpoured our blood
Between the beet-fields and the wood.

In that red hell of shrieking shell
Unfaltering our gunners fell;
They fell, or ere that day was done,
Beside the last unshattered gun.

But still we held them, like a wall
On which the breakers vainly fall—
Till came the word, and we obeyed,
Reluctant, bleeding, undismayed.

Our feet, astonished, learned retreat;
Our souls rejected still defeat;
Unbroken still, a lion at bay,
We drew back grimly from Cambrai.

In blood and sweat, with slaughter spent,
They thought us beaten as we went,
Till suddenly we turned, and smote
The shout of triumph in their throat.

At last, at last we turned and stood—
And Marne's fair water ran with blood;
We stood by trench and steel and gun,
For now the indignant flight was done.

We ploughed their shaken ranks with fire,
We trod their masses into mire;
Our sabres drove through their retreat
As drives the whirlwind through young wheat.

At last, at last we drove them back
Along their drenched and smoking track;
We hurled them back, in flood and flame,
The reeking ways by which they came.

By cumbered road and desperate ford
How fled their shamed and harassed horde!
Shout, Sons of Freeman, for the day
When Marne so well avenged Cambrai!

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

THE LONE TRAIL

YE who know the Lone Trail fain would follow it,
Though it lead to glory or the darkness of the pit.
Ye who take the Lone Trail, bid your love good-bye;
The Lone Trail, the Lone Trail follow till you die.

The trails of the world be countless, and most of the trails be tried;
You tread on the heels of the many, till you come where the ways divide;
And one lies safe in the sunlight, and the other is dreary and wan,
Yet you look aslant at the Lone Trail, and the Lone Trail lures you on.
And somehow you're sick of the highway, with its noise and its easy needs,
And you seek the risk of the by-way, and you reck not where it leads.
And sometimes it leads to the desert, and the tongue swells out of the mouth,
And you stagger blind to the mirage, to die in the mocking drouth.
And sometimes it leads to the mountain, to the light of the lone camp-fire,
And you gnaw your belt in the anguish of hunger-goaded desire.
And sometimes it leads to the Southland, to the swamp where the orchid glows,
And you rave to your grave with the fever, and they rob the corpse for its clothes.
And sometimes it leads to the Northland, and the scurvy softens your bones,
And your flesh dints in like putty, and you spit out your teeth like stones.
And sometimes it leads to a coral reef in the wash of a weedy sea,
And you sit and stare at the empty glare where the gulls wait greedily.
And sometimes it leads to an Arctic trail, and the snows where your torn feet freeze,

And you whittle away the useless clay, and crawl on
your hands and knees.
Often it leads to the dead-pit; always it leads to pain;
By the bones of your brothers ye know it, but oh! to
follow you're fain.
By your bones they will follow behind you, till the
ways of the world are made plain.

Bid good-bye to sweetheart, bid good-bye to friend;
The Lone Trail, the Lone Trail follow to the end.
Tarry not, and fear not, chosen of the true;
Lover of the Lone Trail, the Lone Trail waits for you.

ROBERT W. SERVICE.

SKATER AND WOLVES

SWIFTER the flight! Far, far and high
The wild air shrieks its savage cry,
And all the earth is ghostly pale,
While the young skater, strong and hale,
Skims fearlessly the forest by.

Hush! shrieking blast, but wail and sigh!
Well sped, O skater, fly thee, fly!
Mild moon, let not thy glory fail!
Swifter the flight!

O, hush thee, storm! thou can'st not vie
With that low summons, hoarse and dry.
He hears, and oh! his spirits quail,—
He laughs and sobs within the gale,
On, anywhere! He must not die,—
Swifter the flight!

GEORGE H. CLARKE.

THE GREY LINNET

THERE's a little grey friar in yonder green bush,
Clothed in sackcloth—a little grey friar
Like a druid of old in his temple—but hush!
He's at vespers; you must not go nigher.

Yet, the rogue! can those strains be addressed to the skies,
And around us so wantonly float,
Till the glowing refrain like a shining thread flies
From the silvery reel of his throat?

When he roves, though he stains not his path through the air
With the splendour of tropical wings,
All the lustre denied to his russet plumes there
Flashes forth through his lay when he sings.

For the little grey friar is so wondrous wise,
Though in such a plain garb he appears,
That on finding he can't reach your soul through your eyes,
He steals in through the gates of your ears.

But the cheat!—'tis not heaven he's warbling about,
Other passions, less holy betide,
For behold! there's a little grey nun peeping out
From a bunch of green leaves at his side.

JAMES MCCARROLL.

THE HAYFIELD

With slender arms outstretching in the sun
The grass lies dead;
The wind walks tenderly and stirs not one
Frail fallen head.

Of baby creepings through the April day
Where streamlets wend,
Of child-like dancing on the breeze of May,
This is the end.

No more these tiny forms are bathed in dew,
No more they reach
To hold with leaves that shade them from the blue
A whispered speech.

No more they part their arms and wreathe them close
Again to shield
Some love full little nest—a dainty house
Hid in a field.

For them no more the splendour of the storm,
The fair delights
Of moon and star-shine, glimmering faint and warm
On summer nights.

Their little lives they yield in summer death,
And frequently
Across the field bereaved their dying breath
Is brought to me.

Ethelwyn Wetherald.

THE CORN HUSKER

HARD by the Indian lodges, where the bush
Breaks in a clearing, through ill-fashioned fields,
She comes to labour, when the first still hush
Of autumn follows large and recent yields.

Age in her fingers, hunger in her face,
Her shoulders stooped with work of weight and years,
But rich in the tawny colouring of her race,
She comes afield to strip the purple ears.

And all her thoughts are with the days gone by,
Ere might's injustice banished from their lands
Her people, that to-day unheeded lie,
Like the dead husks that rustle through her hands.

E. PAULINE JOHNSON.[1]

PÈRE LALEMENT

I LIFT the Lord on high,
Under the murmuring hemlock boughs, and see
The small birds of the forest lingering by
And making melody.

These are my acolytes and these my choir,
And this mine Altar in the cool green shade,
Where the wild soft-eyed does draw nigh
Wondering, as in the byre
Of Bethlehem the oxen heard Thy cry
And saw Thee, unafraid.

[1] From "Flint and Feather," by E. Pauline Johnson, published by arrangement with the Musson Book Co., Ltd., Toronto.

My boatmen sit apart,
Wolf-eyed, wolf-sinewed, stiller than the trees.
Help me, O Lord, for very slow of heart
And hard of faith are these.
Cruel are they, yet Thy children. Foul are they,
Yet wert Thou born to save them utterly.
Then make me, as I pray,
Just to their hates, kind to their sorrows, wise
After their speech, and strong before their free
Indomitable eyes.

Do the French lilies reign
Over Mount Royal and Stadacona still?
Up the St. Lawrence comes the spring again,
Crowning each southward hill
And blossoming pool with beauty, while I roam
Far from the perilous folds that are my home,
There where we built St. Ignace for our needs,
Shaped the rough roof tree, turned the first
Sweet sod,
St. Ignace and St. Louis, little beads
On the rosary of God.

Pines shall my pillars be,
Fairer than those Sidonian cedars brought
By Hiram out of Tyre, and each birch tree
Shines like a holy thought.
But come no worshippers; Shall I confess,
St. Francis-like, the birds of the wilderness?
O, with Thy love my lonely head uphold.
A wandering shepherd I, who hath no sheep;
A wandering soul, who hath no script nor gold,
Nor anywhere to sleep.

My hour of rest is done;
On the smooth ripple lifts the long canoe;
The hemlocks murmur sadly as the sun
Slants his dim arrows through.
Whither I go I know not nor the way,
Dark with strange passions, vexed with heathen charms,
Holding I know not what of life or death;
Only be Thou beside me day by day,
Thy rod my guide and comfort, underneath
Thy everlasting arms.

MARJORIE PICKTHALL.

CANADA TO ENGLAND—
VIMY RIDGE, 1917

WHAT song of ours, O England, were not shrill
Beside thy silence? Thou art old, art old.
The memory of centuries is thine.
Though thy throne crumbled and at length there rolled
The fate of Greece and Rome upon thee, still
Thou should'st live on, a portion of God's will.

For thou, indeed, as time itself art slow,
As slow and imperturbable as God.
And 'tis small marvel if some fret, Is this
She from whose arm Spain reeled as from a rod,
Who crushed Napoleon, and once more—ah no!
Glories are these, but of times long ago.

So long, so long, thou hardly dreamest them;
Thou makest for them neither feast nor fast—
Only a note within thy calendar:
Yet what would he not give to boast the least,
(Aye, he, thy foe and ours), the smallest gem
Thou settest not in any diadem?

Thou art too scornful of a proper boast,
And men mistake thee, Lo, she lies asleep,
Sated with triumphs. They know not the pride
Towered in silence in the soul's last keep,
Where speech were sacrilege, and ghost on ghost
Rises in splendour and an endless host.

No statue hast thou set within thy gate,
Thou hast no Charter on a blazoned scroll,
Yet for all this is freedom thy heart's core
And liberty thine everlasting soul:
Who stemmed the onset of a despot's hate,
Not in its death-throe, but its first, white spate.

Thou didst not cover thine extremity
With unctuous horror. Thou didst draw not back
To have war thrust upon thee in the end.
Never in Armageddon didst *thou* lack.
No *word* man's solidarity to thee
Who staked thine all therefor, whate'er might be.

Therefore thou reignest of a natural right,
And need'st no braggarts to proclaim thy meed;
Royal by carriage, stature, and the mien
Of one accustomed to command and lead—
Not by the baubles of a child's delight,
Nor even the great names of thy great might.

England, our mother, we, thy sons, are young;
Our exultation this day cannot be
Bounded as thine: but thou wilt pardon us.
Thou wilt forgive us if we cry, "Now see!
See now, our mother, these are they that clung
Once to thy breasts, and are they not well sung?"

Not that we had not glories in past days,
Yet did our fathers have their home not here:
These, O our mother, loving thee not less,
Cherished in Canada one yet more dear:
They were our fathers—well won were their bays:
These are our sons and have our greater praise.

Our fathers fought for, and obtained this land,
When but an outpost, and it was but part
Of thy great history. Our sons now fight
For thine whole Empire shaken to the heart.
The names they wrote they did not write on sand,
But this these write before the world shall stand.

Aye, not since France herself first stood at bay,
To conquer or to die on Marne's green banks,
Driving at last across its crimsoned flood
The flower of Germany in shattered ranks,
Has there been crowded in a single day
More breathless glory for heroic lay.

England, our mother, once our boasting hear!
And in thy streets let flags and banners fly!
To drums and bugles let the people march
While Vimy Ridge is shouted to the sky!
Aye, although *there* so many that were dear
Lie yet unburied, still let cheer drown cheer.

Thereafter of our pride let nought be said,
Saving on stone, inscribed with but one line:

CANADA—VIMY RIDGE—1917

Our hearts the tablets of a secret shrine:
Though henceforth we shall lift a higher head
Because of Vimy and its glorious dead!

ALFRED GORDON.

THE SONG OF ORPHEUS

PERSEPHONE! Persephone!
Give back my lost delight to me!
By thy great love for thy great lord,
By each sweet thought for him adored,
By love that thrills and love that fills
THY heart as with a thousand rills
Of joy, break down his frozen breast
And lull his vengeful mood to rest,
Till mighty Pluto joyfully
Shall, from his very love for thee,
Give back my soul's delight to me—
Eurydice! Eurydice!

Persephone! Persephone!
Recall thy lord's great love for thee,
When in sweet Enna's golden meads
Thou heard'st that rustling of the reeds,
And in thy hands the love-crushed flowers
Were grasped with fear, as from earth's bowers
He strained thee to his mighty breast,
And bore thee, senseless, to the West—

Beyond the opalescent sea
That nightly sings its songs of thee;
Give back my soul's delight to me—
Eurydice! Eurydice!

Persephone! Persephone!
I bring love's garland unto thee:—
She made it with her loving hands,
She plaited it in golden bands,
And placed it on my chosen brow
When by my side she sat, as now
Thou sittest by thy great lord's side:
That night no lover snatched his bride,
But Death seized all remorselessly,
And took her soul beyond the sea;
And life became a memory—
Eurydice! Eurydice!

Persephone! Persephone!
Let this lute's magic minstrelsy
Find with love's music, sweet and clear,
Thy heart-depths through each pearly ear:
Behold! how when I strike one string
The lone sound floats with cheerless ring;
Behold! when double chords are driven,
With harmony the air is riven;
So Fate plays on our souls, and we
Yield plaints of love or misery;
Give back my soul's delight to me—
Eurydice! Eurydice!

Persephone! Persephone!
By all the joy that lovers see
When first they feel the hidden fire
Burst forth in blaze of heart's desire,

By all the music lovers hear
When language laps against the ear,
Like crystal waves on golden sands,
By touch of lips and clasp of hands
When long-zoned raiments are made free,
By all love's sweets that fell to thee;
Give back my soul's delight to me—
Eurydice! Eurydice!

Persephone! Persephone!
Mark how thy lord yet frowns on me,
Behold the tightening of his lips—
Kiss—Kiss his mouth lest there may slip
One word of doom to dash my hope;
Bend down on him thine eyes and cope
With love the gleams that in them shine,
The while I summon to me, mine;
Break—break—by love and memory
The bond of Hades, set me free
Her soul, that is the soul of me—
Eurydice! Eurydice!

Persephone! Persephone!
Clasp him so close he may not see;
Look deep into his soul with love
That from thine eyes he shall not move
His own—ah! thus I gazed on her
That night and heard no serpent stir,
For love, once thralling all the mind,
Makes all the little senses blind;
'Tis well! he drinks love's alchemy!
Where're in Hades thou may'st be—
Come back! my love! come back to me—
Eurydice! Eurydice!

Persephone! Persephone!
Lull him with love that unto me
No thought may leap with sudden ire,
And steal again my heart's desire
When she shall come. Ye Gods! that light!
It shone when on that fatal night
The dæmons took her from my side—
'Tis she! they bring her back! my bride'
Let Pluto wake—let Jove decree—
My self—my soul—come back to me,
My joy in life and death to be—
Eurydice! Eurydice!

Persephone! Persephone!
A moment more and we are free;
I feel the breath of outer air,
I see the upper stars so fair,
I hear the lapping of salt waves,
I see the light of day that saves,
I feel the pulsing heart-throbs run
Through her fair limbs, I watch the sun
Uprising in her eyes—and see!
Its living light thrills into me;
She has come back! come back to me—
Eurydice! Eurydice!

EDWARD BROWNLOW.

DREAM RIVER

WIND-SILVERED willows hedge the stream,
And all within is hushed and cool.
The water, in an endless dream,
Goes sliding down from pool to pool.

And every pool a sapphire is,
  From shadowy deep to sunlight edge,
Ribboned around with irises
  And cleft with emerald spears of sedge.

O, every morn the winds are stilled,
  The sunlight falls in amber bars.
O, every night the pools are filled
  With silver brede of shaken stars.
O, every morn the sparrow flings
  His elfin trills athwart the hush;
And here unseen at eve there sings
  One crystal-throated hermit thrush.

MARJORIE PICKTHALL.

QUEBEC

QUEBEC, the grey old city on the hill,
  Lies with a golden glory on her head,
Dreaming throughout this hour so fair, so still,
  Of other days and her beloved dead.
The doves are nesting in the cannon grim,—
  The flowers bloom where did run a tide
Of crimson when the moon rose pale and dim
  Above a field of battle stretching wide.

Methinks within her wakes a mighty glow
  Of pride in ancient times, her stirring past,
The strife, the valour of the long ago
  Feels at her heart-strings. Strong and tall and vast
She lies, touched with the sunset's golden grace,
A wondrous softness on her grey old face.—

JEAN BLEWETT.

SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD

DEAD! Dead! And now before
The threshold of bereavèd Earnscliffe stand,
In spirit, all who dwell within our land,
From shore to shore!

Before that black-draped gate
Men, women, children mourn the Premier gone,
For many loved and worshipped old Sir John,
And none could hate.

And he is dead, they say!
The words confuse and mock the general ear—
What! can there yet be House and Members here,
And no John A.?

So long all hearts he swayed,
Like merry monarch of some olden line,
Whose subjects questioned not his right divine,
But just obeyed

His will's e'en faintest breath,
We had forgotten, 'midst affairs of State,
'Midst Hansard, Second Readings and Debate,
Such things as death!

Swift came the dread eclipse
Of faculty, and limb, and life at last,
Ere to the Judge of all the earth he passed,
With silent lips,

But not insensate heart!
He was no harsh, self-righteous Pharisee—
The tender Christ compassioned such as he,
And took their part.

As for his Statesman-fame,
Let History calm his wondrous record read,
And write the truth, and give him honest meed
Of praise or blame!

JOHN WILSON BENGOUGH.

DAWN

WITH folded wings of dusky light
Upon the purple hills she stands,
An angel between day and night,
With tinted shadows in her hands;

Till suddenly transfigured there,
With all her dazzling plumes unfurled,
She climbs the crimson-flooded air,
And flies in glory o'er the world.

JAMES MCCARROLL.

"THE SOUTH WIND LAID HIS MOCCASINS ASIDE"

(FROM "MALCOLM'S KATIE")

THE South Wind laid his moccasins aside,
Broke his gay calumet of flow'rs, and cast
His useless wampum, beaded with cool dews,

Far from him, northward; his long ruddy spear
Flung sunward, whence it came; and his soft locks
Of warm fine haze grew silver as the birch.
His wigwam of green leaves began to shake;
The crackling rice-beds scolded harsh like squaws;
The small ponds pouted up their silver lips;
The great lakes ey'd the mountains,—whisper'd "Ugh!
Are ye so tall, O chiefs?" "Not taller than
Our plumes can reach,"—and rose a little way,
As panthers stretch to try their velvet limbs,
And then retreat to purr and bide their time.
At morn the sharp breath of the night arose
From the wide prairies, in deep-struggling seas,
In rolling breakers, bursting to the sky;
In tumbling surfs, all yellow'd faintly thro'
With the low sun; in mad, conflicting crests,
Voic'd with low thunder from the hairy throats
Of the mist-buried herds; and for a man
To stand amid the cloudy roll and moil,
The phantom waters breaking overhead,
Shades of vex'd billows bursting on his breast,
Torn caves of mist wall'd with a sudden gold
Reseal'd as swift as seen,—broad, shaggy fronts,
Fire-ey'd and tossing on impatient horns
The wave impalpable,—was but to think
A dream of phantoms held him as he stood!
The late, last thunders of the summer crash'd,
Where shriek'd great eagles, lords of naked cliffs
The pulseless Forest, lock'd and interlock'd
So closely, bough with bough, and leaf with leaf,
So serf'd by its own wealth, that while from high
The moons of summer kiss'd its green-gloss'd locks,
And round its knees the merry West Wind danc'd,
And round its ring-compacted emerald

The South Wind crept on moccasins of flame,
And the red fingers of th' impatient Sun
Pluck'd at its outmost fringes,—its dim veins
Beat with no life; its deep and dusky heart.
In a deep trance of shadow, felt no throb
To such soft wooing! Thro' its dream
Brown rivers of deep waters sunless stole;
Small creeks sprang from its mosses, and amaz'd,
Like children in a wigwam curtain'd close
Above the great dead heart of some red chief,
Slipp'd on soft feet, swift stealing through the gloom,
Eager for light and for the frolic winds.
In this shrill Moon the scouts of winter ran
From the ice-belted north, and whistling shafts
Struck maple and struck sumach, and a blaze
Ran swift from leaf to leaf, from bough to bough;
Till round the forest flash'd a belt of flame,
And inward lick'd its tongues of red and gold
To the deep tranced inmost heart of all.
Rous'd the still heart,—but all too late, too late!
Too late the branches, welded fast with leaves,
Toss'd, loosen'd to the winds; too late the Sun
Pour'd his last vigour to the deep dark cells
Of the dim wood! The keen two-bladed Moon
Of Falling Leaves roll'd up on crested mists;
And where the lush rank boughs had foiled the Sun
In his red prime, her pale sharp fingers crept
After the wind, and felt about the moss,
And seem'd to pluck from shrinking twig and stem
The burning leaves,—while groaned the shudd'ring
wood!

ISABELLA VALANCEY CRAWFORD.

AMONG THE MOUNTAINS

As far as sight could reach the wild peaks rose,
  Tier after tier against the limpid blue,
  Titanic forms that stormed the heavens anew
At every turn, crowned with imperial snows;
And then, as day sank softly to its close,
  Diaphanous, ethereal they grew,
  Mere wraiths of rainbow-mist that from our view
Dream-laden, lapsed to darkness and repose.

And suddenly I found my vision blurred,
  And knew that deeper chord was touched again
Which once in Hungary, when I had heard
  A passionately wild, appealing strain
Of gypsy music, left me strangely stirred
  With incommunicable joy and pain.

HELENA COLEMAN.

A MADRIGAL

SPRING went by with laughter
Down the greening hills,
Singing lyric snatches,
  Crowned with daffodils;
Now, by breath of roses
As the soft day closes,
Know that April's promise
  June fulfils.

Youth goes by with gladness
Faery woodlands through,
Led by starry visions,
    Fed with honey-dew;
Life, who dost forever
Urge the high endeavour,
Grant that all the dreaming
    Time brings true.
        ELIZABETH ROBERTS MACDONALD.

ST. YVES POOR

JEFFIK was there, and Matthieu, and brown Bran,
Wrapped in old wars and babbling of the sword,
And Jannedik, a white rose pinched and paled
With the world's frost, and many more beside,
Lamed, rheumed, and palsied, aged, impotent
Of all but hunger and blind lifted hands.
I set the doors wide at the given hour,
Took the great baskets piled with bread, the fish
Yet silvered of the sea, the curds of milk,
And called them, Brethren, brake, and blest, and gave.

For O, my Lord, the house dove knows her nest
  Above my window, builded from the rain;
In the brown mere the heron finds her rest,
  But these shall seek in vain.

And O, my Lord, the thrush may fold her wing,
  The curlew seek the long lift of the seas,
The wild swan sleep amid his journeying,—
  There is no rest for these.

The dead are sheltered; housed and warmed they wait
  Under the golden fern, the falling foam;
But these, Thy Living, wander desolate,
  And have not any home.

I called them, Brethren, brake, and blest, and gave.
Old Jeffik had her withered hand to show,
Young Jannedik had dreamed of death, and Bran
Would tell me wonders wrought on fields of war,
When Michael and his warriors rode the storm,
And all the heavens were thrilled with clanging spears,—
Ah, God, my poor, my poor. . . . Till then came one
Wrapped in foul rags, who caught me by the robe,
And pleaded, "Bread, my father."
                In his hand
I laid the last loaf of the daily dole,—
Saw on the palm a red wound like a star,
And bade him, "Let me bind it."

"These my wounds,"
He answered softly, "daily dost thou bind."
And I, "My son, I have not seen thy face.
But thy bruised feet have trodden on my heart.
I will get water for thee."

"These my hurts,"
Again he answered, "daily dost thou wash."
And I once more, "My son, I know thee not,
But the bleak wind blows bitter from the sea,
And even the gorse is perished. Rest thou here."
And he again, "My rest is in thy heart.
I take from thee as I have given to thee.
Dost thou not know me, Breton?"

" I, . . . My Lord ! " . . .
A scent of lilies on the cold sea-wind,
A thin white blaze of wings, a face of flame
Above the gateway, and the vision passed,
And there were only Matthieu and brown Bran,
And the young girl, the foam-white Jannedik,
Wondering to see their father rapt from them,
And Jeffik weeping o'er her withered hand.

MARJORIE PICKTHALL.

ERIE WATERS

A DASH of yellow sand,
Wind-scattered and sun-tanned ;
Some waves that curl and cream along the margin of the strand ;
And creeping close to these
Long shores that lounge at ease,
Old Erie rocks and ripples to a fresh sou'-western breeze.

A sky of blue and grey ;
Some stormy clouds that play
At scurrying up with ragged edge, then laughing blow away,
Just leaving in their trail
Some snatches of a gale ;
To whistling summer winds we lift a single daring sail.

O ! wind so sweet and swift,
O ! danger-freighted gift
Bestowed on Erie with her waves that foam and fall and lift,

We laugh in your wild face,
And break into a race
With flying clouds and tossing gulls that weave and interlace.

E. PAULINE JOHNSON.[1]

THOUGHTS FROM A PRISON

EVENING IN EXILE, I

(*Translated from the Ukrainian of Taras Shevchenko*)

THE sun sets; mountains fade
Into the darkness; the bird's note is stilled.
The fields grow silent, for the peasant now
Rejoicing dreams of rest.
And I look with desire,
Longing desire, to an orchard dark,
The Orchard of Ukraine.
And I pour forth my thoughts
As though my heart were resting.
Fields, forest, mountains darkening still—
And in the shadowy blue appears a star . . .
O Star! My Star! . . . And the tears fall . . .
Hast thou then also risen in Ukraine?
And in the heaven dimly blue
Are dark eyes seeking thee, as when
In nights of old thou wast descried?—
Do they forget both star and me?—
O if remembrance is no more

[1] From "Flint and Feather," by E. Pauline Johnson, published by arrangement with the Musson Book Co., Ltd. Toronto.

On those dear eyes may slumber fall
Heavy as that of death.
That so no vision come—
My sad fate be unknown.

Shevchenko refers here to the pretty and poetical custom of his romantic land. A betrothed couple choose a star to represent each to the other and seek it nightly in the heavens.

EVENING IN EXILE, II

(" Not for the people, nay, and not for Fame.")

Not for the people, nay, and not for Fame
I write these flower-scrolls, embroidered coils of verse.
I write but for myself, my brothers, for hearts' ease.
In this my captive state my new-born children solace bring.

Lo! from beyond the Dnieper, as from far away,
The words fly down, and flood the paper o'er,
Laughing and crying, as the children do,
They gladden my grey soul, poor, comfortless.
I love them, love mine own.

As a rich father loves his little ones
So am I glad and merry with mine own.
Yea, I rejoice, and the good God I praise
That He lets not these light-winged children sleep
In this so far-off land, but says " Fly home,
And tell the others in the dear Ukraine
How bitter 'twas to live in such a world! "

And in some peaceful, merry family
They shall find their own welcome:
The father, nodding, shall assent;
The mother say: "Better it were
These children never had been born!"
But one, a maiden, she shall think
"I love them, O I love them!"

FLORENCE RANDALL LIVESAY.

SEPTEMBER

Lo! a ripe sheaf of many golden days
Gleaned by the year in autumn's harvest ways,
With here and there, blood-tinted as an ember,
Some crimson poppy of a late delight
Atoning in its splendour for the flight
Of summer blooms and joys—
This is September.

L. M. MONTGOMERY.

THE LAMP OF POOR SOULS

ABOVE my head the shields are stained with rust,
The wind has taken his spoil, the moth his part,
Dust of dead men beneath my knees, and dust,
Lord, in my heart.

Lay Thou the hand of faith upon my fears;
The priest has prayed, the silver bell has rung,
But not for him. Oh unforgotten tears,
He was so young!

Shine little lamp, nor let thy light grow dim.
Into what vast, dread dreams, what lonely lands,
Into what griefs hath death delivered him,
Far from my hands?

Cradled is he with half his prayers forgot.
I cannot learn the level way he goes.
He whom the harvest hath remembered not
Sleeps with the rose.

Shine little lamp, fed with sweet oil of prayers.
Shine little lamp, as God's own eyes may shine
When he treads softly down his starry stairs
And whispers, "Thou art mine."

Shine little lamp, for love hath fed thy gleam.
Sleep little soul, by God's own hands set free.
Cling to his arms and sleep, and sleeping, dream,
And dreaming, look for me.

MARJORIE PICKTHALL.

HEAT

FROM plains that reel to Southward, dim,
The road runs by me white and bare;
Up the steep hill it seems to swim
Beyond, and melt into the glare.
Upward half-way, or it may be
Nearer the summit, slowly steals
A hay-cart, moving dustily,
With idly clacking wheels.

By his cart's side the waggoner
  Is slouching slowly at his ease,
Half-hidden in the windless blurr
  Of white dust puffing to his knees.
This waggon on the height above,
  From sky to sky on either hand,
Is the sole thing that seems to move
  In all the heat-held land.

Beyond me in the fields, the sun
  Soaks in the grass and hath his will;
I count the marguerites one by one;
  Even the buttercups are still.
On the brook yonder not a breath
  Disturbs the spider or the midge.
The water-bugs draw close beneath
  The cool gloom of the bridge.

Where the far elm-tree shadows flood
  Dark patches in the burning grass,
The cows, each with her peaceful cud,
  Lie waiting for the heat to pass.
From somewhere on the slope near by
  Into the pale depth of the noon
A wandering thrush slides leisurely,
  His thin revolving tune.

In intervals of dreams I hear
  The cricket from the droughty ground;
The grasshoppers spin into my ear
  A small innumerable sound.
I lift my eyes sometimes to gaze:
  The burning skyline blinds my sight:
The woods far off are blue with haze,
  The hills are drenched in light.

And yet to me not this or that
  Is always sharp or always sweet;
In the sloped shadow of my hat
  I lean at rest and drain the heat;
Nay more, I think some blessed power
  Hath brought me wandering idly here:
In the full furnace of this hour
  My thoughts grow keen and clear.

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

THE MASTER OF THE SCUD

THERE's a schooner out from Kingsport,
  Through the morning's dazzle-gleam,
Snoring down the Bay of Fundy
  With a norther on her beam.

How the tough wind springs to wrestle,
  When the tide is on the flood!
And between them stands young daring—
  Arnold, Master of the Scud.

He is only "Martin's youngster,"
  To the Minas coasting fleet,
"Twelve year old and full of Satan
  As a nut is full of meat."

With a wake of froth behind him,
  And the gold green waste before,
Just as though the sea this morning
  Were his boat pond by the door.

Legs a-straddle, grips the tiller
  This young waif of the old sea;
When the wind comes harder, only
  Laughs "Hurrah!" and holds her free.

Little wonder, as you watch him,
  With the dash in his blue eye,
Long ago his father called him
  "Arnold, Master," on the sly.

While his mother's heart foreboded
  Reckless father makes rash son,
So to-day the schooner carries
  Just these two whose will is one.

Now the wind grows moody, shifting
  Point by point into the east,
Wing and wing the Scud is flying
  With her scuppers full of yeast.

And the father's older wisdom
  On the sea-line has descried,
Like a stealthy cloud-bank making
  Up to windward with the tide,

Those tall navies of disaster,
  The pale squadrons of the fog,
That maraud this gray world border
  Without pilot, chart, or log.

Ranging wanton as marooners
  From Minudie to Manan,
"Heave to, and we'll reef, my master!"
  Cries he; when no will of man

Spills the foresail, but a clumsy
  Wind-flaw with a hand like stone
Hurls the boom round. In an instant
  Arnold, Master, there alone,

Sees a crushed corpse shot to seaward
  With the gray doom in its face;
And the climbing foam receives it
  To its everlasting place.

What does Arnold, Master, think you?
  Whimper like a child for dread?
That's not Arnold. Foulest weather
  Strongest sailors ever bred.

And this slip of taut sea-faring
  Grows a man who throttles fear.
Let the storm and dark in spite now
  Do their worst with valour here!

Not a reef and not a shiver,
  While the wind jeers in her shrouds,
And the flauts of foam and sea-fog
  Swarm upon her deck in crowds,

Flies the Scud like a made racer;
  And with iron in his frown,
Holding hard by wrath and dreadnought,
  Arnold, Master, rides her down.

Let the taffrail shriek through foam-heads!
  Let the licking seas go glut
Elsewhere their old hunger, baffled!
  Arnold's making for the Gut.

Cleft sheer down, the sea-wall mountains
  Give that one port on the coast;
Made, the Basin lies in sunshine!
  Missed, the little Scud is lost!

Come now, fog-horn, let your warning
  Rip the wind to starboard there!
Suddenly that burly-throated
  Welcome ploughs the cumbered air.

The young master hauls a little,
  Crowds her up and sheets her home,
Heading for the narrow entry
  Whence the safety signals come.

Then the wind lulls, and an eddy
  Tells of ledges, where away;
Veers the Scud, sheet free, sun breaking,
  Through the rifts, and—there's the bay!

Like a bird in from the storm-beat,
  As the summer sun goes down,
Slows the schooner to her moorings
  By the wharf at Digby town.

All the world next morning wondered,
  Largest letters, there it stood,
" Storm in Fundy. A Boy's Daring.
  Arnold, Master of the Scud."

BLISS CARMAN.[1]

[1] From "Ballads of Lost Haven," by Bliss Carman, published by arrangement with the Page Company, Boston.

THE SHIPS OF ST. JOHN

Smile, you inland hills and rivers!
Flush, you mountains in the dawn!
But my roving heart is seaward
With the ships of gray St. John.

Fair the land lies, full of August,
Meadow island, shingly bar,
Open barns and breezy twilight,
Peace and the mild evening star.

Gently now this gentlest country
The old habitude takes on,
But my wintry heart is outbound
With the great ships of St. John.

Once in your wide arms you held me,
Till the man-child was a man,
Canada, great nurse and mother
Of the young sea-roving clan.

Always your bright face above me
Through the dreams of boyhood shone;
Now far alien countries call me
With the ships of gray St. John.

Swing, you tides, up out of Fundy!
Blow, you white fogs, in from sea!
I was born to be your fellow;
You were bred to pilot me.

At the touch of your strong fingers,
Doubt, the derelict, is gone;
Sane and glad I clear the headland
With the white ships of St. John.

Loyalists, my fathers, builded
This gray port of the gray sea,
When the duty to ideals
Could not let well-being be.

When the breadth of scarlet bunting
Puts the wreath of maple on,
I must cheer too,—slip my moorings
With the ships of gray St. John.

Peerless-hearted port of heroes,
Be a word to lift the world,
Till the many see the signal
Of the few once more unfurled.

Past the lighthouse, past the nunbuoy,
Past the crimson rising sun,
There are dreams go down the harbour
With the tall ships of St. John.

In the morning I am with them
As they clear the island bar,—
Fade, till speck by speck the midday
Has forgotten where they are.

But I sight a vaster sea-line,
Wider leeway, longer run,
Whose discoverers return not
With the ships of gray St. John.

BLISS CARMAN.[1]

[1] From "Ballads of Lost Haven," by Bliss Carman, published by arrangement with the Page Company, Boston.

A WAKE-UP SONG

SUN's up; wind's up! Wake up, dearies!
Leave your coverlets white and downy.
June's come into the world this morning.
Wake up, Golden Head! Wake up, Brownie!

Dew on the meadow-grass, waves on the water,
Robins in the rowan-tree wondering about you!
Don't keep the buttercups so long waiting.
Don't keep the bobolinks singing without you.

Wake up, Golden Head! Wake up, Brownie!
Cat-bird wants you in the garden soon.
You and I, butterflies, bobolinks and clover,
We've a lot to do on the first of June.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.[1]

THE FIR WOODS

THE wash of endless waves is in their tops,
Endlessly swaying, and the long winds stream
Athwart them from the far-off shores of dream.
Through the stirred branches filtering, faintly drops
Mystic dream-dust of isle, and palm, and cave,
Coral and sapphire, realms of rose, that seem
More radiant than ever earthly gleam
Revealed of fairy mead or haunted wave.

[1] From "The Book of the Native," by Charles G. D. Roberts, published by arrangement with the Page Company, Boston.

A cloud of gold, a cleft of blue profound,—
These are my gates of wonder surged about
By tumult of tossed bough and rocking crest;
The vision lures. The spirit spurns her bound,
Spreads her unprisoned wing, and drifts from out
This green and humming gloom that wraps my rest.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.[1]

[1] From "Poems (New)," by Charles G. D. Roberts, published by arrangement with the Page Company, Boston.

APPENDIX

DUNCAN ANDERSON was born in Scotland and graduated from Aberdeen University. He was chaplain to the Imperial troops at Levis, Quebec, for many years, and is an authority upon Canadian birds. He published "Lays of Canada," a small book of verses, in 1890.

"The Death of Wolfe," page 53.—This story of the capture of Quebec is dramatically told in a simple, stirring metre. After reading, study briefly the historical allusions. Why Cartier's hills? What is the Oriflamme? The Friponne was the popular name given to the company of Monopolists who, under Bigot, ruined new France. (See "The Golden Dog," Kirby.) Next study the pictures. The voyage down the river. The gathering of the French—the battle. Lastly, discuss the life, character, and proud death of Wolfe.

JOHN WILSON BENGOUGH, the famous cartoonist and lecturer, was born in Toronto. Through his cartoons and lectures he exerted a wide political influence. Later he became a professor in Wycliffe College, Toronto. He has written a number of humorous books, among them "Motley," a book of verses.

"Sir John A. Macdonald," page 76.—Like Stead's "Kitchener," this poem was written within a few days of the death of its subject. The poet has caught accurately and expressed simply the feeling of the nation towards the great old man who was beloved for his faults as well as his virutes. Study the character of the statesman as suggested in the poem, and let the pupils compare it with the impression left upon them by his story in history.

JEAN BLEWITT, a native of Ontario, has been famous since her early youth as a writer of stories and poems. She is a special writer for the Toronto "Globe."

"Quebec," page 75.—Quebec is the capital of Canadian Romance. Some views of the city may be studied first. Then develop a mental

picture of the city in the sunset. Choose the point of view. What do we see in the background? What in the foreground? Recall the glorious "other days," the "Mighty Dead" of which the city dreams.

EDWARD BROWNLOW was an Englishman who became a clerk in a bank in Montreal. He died in 1895 while still young, and his collected poems were edited and published by the literary club to which he belonged.

"The Song of Orpheus," page 71.—Orpheus was the fabled son of the King of Thrace and the muse Calliope. Pindar called him the "Father of Song." He invented the lyre, and when he played upon it trees stones, and animals followed him. Of the legends told of him, that of his attempt to save his wife, Eurydice, is the most beautiful. We have few poems by Canadians upon classical subjects, and this one involves only allusions already familiar to the older pupils. The poem is suggested for literary study with them. The feeling is simple and intense. It trembles between hope and fear, changing from stanza to stanza. Help the pupil to see how the repetition of the names and the form of the stanza have added to the lyric music of the verse.

WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL was born in Berlin, Ontario. He was for many years rector of St. Stephen's, New Brunswick, but has latterly been employed in the Dominion Archives Bureau. He has written poetic tragedies and novels as well as poems.

"Indian Summer," page 16, is a characteristically Canadian season. These simple lines describe its glorious colours. The warm stillness, the sense of utter relaxation in nature are attributes as important as the colour in the total effect. Try to get the pupils to see the former and feel the latter.

BLISS CARMAN was born at Frederickton in New Brunswick in 1861. After an education at the Universities of New Brunswick, Edinburgh, and Harvard he became a journalist and one of the best known poets of Canada. Among his volumes of verse are "Ballads and Lyrics," "Low Tide on Grand Pré," "Ballads of Lost Haven," and "Songs from Vagabondia."

"After School," page 33.—Dwell upon the first and literal meaning of the poem, emphasising each detail which was obviously drawn from experience. Then touch lightly upon the second and deeper meaning of "the school of life" and "the end of life's day," as well as the welcome from the mother who has "gone before."

"In Apple Time," page 30.—Pay particular attention to the epithets in this descriptive poem, e. g., "boding," "flaming," "imperious." Literary and secondary meanings are interwoven in such a manner that they cannot be disentangled without doing violence to the delicacy of the thought. Detailed explanation should be avoided and the charm of the verses left to assert itself; but if pupils ask the meaning the teacher can supply it with a few deft touches.

"The Master of the Scud." page 89.—Read aloud for the fine thrilling story. Study the fitness of the epithets here also, e.g., "Snoring down," and the vigour of the narrative, especially of such descriptive lines as—

Those tall navies of disaster,
The pale squadrons of the fog.

"The Ships of St. John," page 93.—Investigate the historical allusions of this poem in the school text-book, and dwell on beautiful descriptive stanzas. See biographical note above for the "alien countries."

"Mr. Moon," page 17.—The "little people" of the Celts are of course the fairies and gnomes. Read aloud, and let the children beat, with their fingers, lightly, on their desks to reproduce the dancing rhythm. Compare the names given to some of them with those of Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream." The music of the poem will be missed unless it is read very gently. Ask pupils to attempt a drawing showing at least the background with the moon by the side of a church tower. This will help them to visualise the scene, even if the drawing is very poor.

GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE was born in England and came to Canada in 1880. He is a graduate of McMaster University and is now a well-known lecturer to teachers. His book of poems is called "Wayfarings."

"Skater and Wolves," page 63.—Through a strange world ghostly in the after midnight moonlight the skater rushes happily till he hears the wolves; then wildly in fear. We are not told why he took the journey nor whether he escaped in the end. Study the picture and let the pupils make up the story.

HELENA COLEMAN is a Canadian by birth and lives in Toronto.

"Among the Mountains," page 80.—The picture in these lines will recall to Far Western children at least the majestic scene and the sudden lift of the heart in awe and delight which answers it. Suggested for oral reading.

ISABELLA VALANCEY CRAWFORD was Irish born. Her father, a doctor, brought his family to an Ontario wilderness in 1858. After his death Miss Crawford and her mother lived in Toronto, where the poet earned a precarious living with her pen. She died in 1887.

"The South Wind laid his Moccasins aside," page 77.—This fine description of the Canadian woods is taken from "Malcolm's Katie," a pretty love story in verse wherein the poor young lover goes out to clear a homestead for his sweetheart, Katie, the daughter of a rich man, while she at home remains true to him through every effort made to have her marry elsewhere. The poetry is full of colour and music, light and life. The verses are crammed with vivid pictures and beautiful and original figures. Every line is worth careful study. It is suggested that the poem be read aloud several times by the teacher, and used for silent and oral reading by the pupils; that one or more lessons should be devoted to literary study and that favourite parts be memorised.

WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND was born in Ireland, but came to Canada when a child. His father died soon after, and William helped his mother in educating his younger brothers. He became a doctor and practised among the Habitants. He died in 1905.

"Little Bateese," page 34.—The Habitant poems interpret a type of Canadianism about which it is important the children should know. Dialect poems are of doubtful value for oral reading or memorisation, but are useful for silent reading. After they have read the poem for themselves, they enjoy the quaint idiom when read aloud by the teacher.

"Johnnie Courteau," page 35, is the woods Runner, the Voyageur, the River Driver of the history stories. The children know what he looks like and what he wears. They glory in his strength and reckless courage. The humour of his subjection by the small, determined wife is within their range. Do not let them miss the vivid picture of feminine consequence in the last two words.

SIR JAMES EDGAR, a native of Quebec, was a lawyer and, for a time, speaker of the House of Commons. He is well known as a writer of both prose and verse.

"This Canada of Ours," page 49, expresses a sincere feeling of patriotism in a somewhat commonplace form. The verse is not very musical, but the thought is simple and honest. The stanza form is interesting. Let the children study and try to imitate it in verses of their own.

ALFRED GORDON was born in England, but has been for many years in Canada.

"Canada to England—Vimy Ridge, 1917," page 68, is suggested for reading and class study. The characterisations of England and Canada are worth working out and discussing. The last three stanzas might be memorised.

NORAH HOLLAND, though Canadian born, comes of Irish stock, and is a relative of the Irish poet, W. B. Yeats.

"The Shepherds' Song," page 14, recalls the song of the shepherds as they knelt about the Infant Christ in an ancient miracle play ("The Secunda Pastorum"). The childlike simplicity of their thoughts and gifts makes the verses especially suitable for Christmas song or recitation.

"A Fairy Tale," page 51.—The humorously matter-of-fact and realistic ending of the story sits rakishly on this little tale of fairyland, like a cap on an Irish terrier. The poem is suggested for silent reading, but there are lyric phrases worth memorising.

JOHN HUNTER-DUVAR lived in Prince Edward Island. He wrote a good deal of prose and some dramatic poetry, but his best work is his lyric verse. He died in 1899.

"Twilight Song," page 49, has a strange fascination. The picture, with its odd details, is convincing, but this is the least part of the charm. By some alchemy the poet has infused into his lines the very sound and smell of twilight. Reading it brings the little shiver that comes of standing out in the dusk and dew. Children feel the charm, and, if the verse be left upon the blackboard, will memorise it without effort.

PAULINE JOHNSON was the daughter of the Head Chief of the Iroquois and a descendant of Joseph Brant. Her mother was an Englishwoman. Pauline was born at "Chiefswood," on the Mohawk reserve near Brantford. She began writing poetry when a child, but she was thirty before Canada discovered her. She has written also some stories for boys and collected a small volume of beautiful legends. She loved the wild lands and travelled through much of Western Canada on horseback and in canoe. Her last years were spent in Vancouver, and she sleeps near Siwash Rock in Stanley Park. Every Canadian child should be taught about Pauline Johnson.

She speaks out with wonderful truth and poignancy the feelings of her dying race. Her message is, perhaps, final. It seems unlikely that another Indian poet will arise. Few Canadian poets are so musical, and her peculiar gift for describing lake and river scenery, as well as for expressing the sounds of water, has given us several inimitable verses.

"Lullaby of the Iroquois," page 9.—The primary classes learn many things about the Indians. This lullaby makes a suitable memory verse to accompany or follow a series of lessons about them. The teacher should explain or show a picture, or have the children make, in manual training, the papoose's cradle. A board or strip of bark is covered with soft moss. The baby is laid upon it and then bound with long bands which pass round papoose and backboard. Only the head is left free. Baby, cradle and all, are often fastened to the limb of a tree near the wigwam and allowed to rock in the breeze. If the baby cries, mother gives the swinging cradle a push as she passes back and forth. Show the children how accurately the rhythm represents the long swing and two short ones that follow a single push from mother's hand. Twice she pushes and goes away, then she stands a moment and gives four good long swings. Help the children to build up a mental picture of the funny little brown face, black head, and the swinging cradle.

"The Maple," page 14.—Prairie children will know only the Manitoba maple with its yellow autumn leaves. The teacher should describe to them the hard maple with its fine, clean trunk, graceful shape, and glorious autumn scarlet. Pictures of the maple tree and its scarlet leaves are common enough and will help the imagination of the pupils. Help them to see in it the fit emblem of our young red-blooded nation. Memorise the stanzas.

"The Indian Corn Planter," page 24.—These stanzas should be studied in literature class and then memorised by the pupils. Most children are deeply interested in the Indian and have an intuitive understanding of, and sympathy with, him. These brief verses express vividly the dumb helplessness of the Indian race in the grasp of civilisation. He cannot stay the flood of change, he cannot advance with it, he cannot bend, he needs must break. Perhaps he does not clearly understand what is happening to him. He does not protest. Does his silence mean that he does not resent the degradation of the present, has forgotten the old free days, or is it only the stoic Indian surface which hides bitter despair? The pupils should contrast the former freedom of the Indian with his present dull life and imagine his feeling. The sense of inescapable fate, the pitiful

dumbness of the race is well expressed in the level toneless quality of the rhythm. The teacher's voice in reading the poem will help the pupils to feel this quality. The poem may seem to some more perfect without the last stanza, which repeats and expands needlessly the thought expressed in the two closing lines of stanza three.

"The Riders of the Plains," page 26.—Pupils in the intermediate grades learn a good deal in history and story about the Royal North-West Mounted Police. The famous force is another of our Canadian links with the days of chivalry. Like knights of old, only a thousand times more thrilling, they ride abroad to protect the weak. The uniform, the riders, their glorious record, the countless stories of danger and success that are told of them all, make immediate appeal to the children, and not to the children only. The strong and simple feeling and the stirring rhythm make the poem easy to read with animation. The pupils should read it to themselves for pleasure. Let one practise to read it for the Empire Day or First of July programme.

"As Red Men die," page 31.—This poem is suggested for oral reading in the intermediate grades. It correlates well with the stories of the Indian missions and wars. Boys, and girls too, will glory in the proud endurance of the Mohawk. His daring is foremost in the mind, the horror of his torture is vaguely imaged. Picture the forest scene—the circle of savage faces, the Mohawk brought out like Sámson of old to make a holiday spectacle for his enemies. He does not try to escape. He will not even buy release. He has been trained for this. He has his nation's honour—as well as his own—to defend. He will not shrink. Perhaps he welcomes the chance to prove his courage. He knows that his hour is come and that the torture is a short trail to the Happy Hunting Ground. Work for free expression in the oral reading. Success in this presupposes appreciation.

"The Legend of Qu'Appelle Valley," page 43.—The pathetic story of the origin of the name Qu'Appelle is so simply told as to need neither explanation nor comment. It is suggested that the pupils should read it silently for their pleasure. Stanza six provides excellent practice work in oral reading. The whole poem read quietly and clearly makes a delightful concert number for an older pupil.

"The Corn Husker," page 66.—"The Corn Husker" is a kind of companion picture to "The Indian Corn Planter." The poet's feelings seem to have been even more deeply stirred by the old squaw than by

the Brave. This poem has a directness, completeness, and finish that the other lacks. The picture, background and foreground, is etched with a few quick strokes. The squaw, less severely trained to outward indifference, lets her bitterness appear even through her silence. It is shown in the broken rhythm of the verse, and is reflected in the sharply defined picture and abrupt statements. When the pupils have studied both poems, let them compare the two as to feeling, picture and expression. Quite young children can be helped to recognise the finer quality of the second poem. Have it memorised.

"Erie Waters," page 83, is a singularly effective descriptive poem. The impression of the fickle lake is arresting. It is developed in the mind of the reader quite as much by the sound of the words used as by their meaning. The lake is shown in three phases: level waves and long shores drowsy in the summer sun; the sudden storm; the quickly following quiet. Visualise the picture. Show the pupils how the sense of drowsy heat is emphasised in stanza one by the "s" sound repeated with long "e's" and "a's"—"creeping close to these," "lounge at ease," "fresh sou'western breeze," etc. The sound of the storm in stanza two is suggested by the "g's" combined with short vowels, as grey, ragged edge, whistling, gale, etc. Stanza three shows wind and waves still active by means of sharp vowels and consonants—swift, freighted gift, lift, wild, etc.—but falling and levelling out to normal quiet in lengthening vowel sounds and hissing consonants—face, break, race, tossing, fall, etc.

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN was born in Morpeth, Ontario, in 1861. He was a brilliant student, and after graduation entered the Civil Service at Ottawa. He published three books of verse before his death in 1899.

"Heat," page 87.—This poem should be saved for study upon a hot summer afternoon, if possible out of doors. With the pupils each "in the sloped shadow of his hat," each detail of sight and sound may be verified as the teacher reads, and pupils may perhaps suggest some which the poet has not mentioned.

FLORENCE RANDALL LIVESAY was, for many years, a journalist in Ottawa and Winnipeg. She now lives in Toronto. She has recently published "Songs of Ukrania" (original and translated), a book of verses which ought to help us to understand some of our fellow citizens, the "New Canadians."

"A Waking-up Song," page 12.—Let the children beat a tune to the reading of these verses. Suggested for memorising.

"On the Steppes," page 25.—The picture is set out boldly. Help the pupils to visualise it, and to feel the pity and courage of it. The cranberry is, in the poetry of Ukraina, what the rose is in that of England. A Cossack is a native of Southern Russia. Cossacks are famous horsemen. Suggested for class study.

"Where Luck Lies," page 29.—A finely expressed moral for memorising.

"Thoughts from a Prison," page 84.—Taras Shevchenko, a famous Ukranian poet, wrote this. Mrs. Livesay translated it. The scene is pictured with the sharp distinctness characteristic of Russian literature and which will be new to our students. The older pupils will be able to enter into the captive's feelings. Help them through this window to peep into the hearts of these people, and to feel the force of the simple, direct expression.

ELIZABETH ROBERTS MACDONALD is the sister of Charles G. D. Roberts.

"A Madrigal," page 80, is suggested for memorising. The name "madrigal" is sufficiently descriptive. The effort to find a fitting tune will help the pupils to catch the charming lilt of the verse.

ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY, a native of Woodstock, Ontario, now lives in Vancouver. She has written several pleasant novels, and her book of poems for children, "The Shining Ship," is delightful.

"The Wonderful Fishing of Peterkin Spray," page 11, makes a spirited dramatisation with a triumphant climax. The long rhythms carry one away, but the conversation helps young readers to give the right expression. Suggested for oral reading.

"The Wish," page 15.—A Leprecaun is an Irish fairy with particular powers in the matter of granting wishes if caught. Read aloud that the children may enjoy the running rhythm, the pretty Irish words, and the quaint turns of the sentences. Suggested for class discussion.

"The Tell Tale," page 23.—This pretty fancy makes a suitable little story for silent and oral reading.

"A Springtime Wish," page 50, is suggested for memorising and recitation. The charm lies chiefly in the rollicking long and short movement of the rhythm. In teaching the reading care should be

taken not to mark the sense rhythm so strongly (by running on the lines) that the lovely verse rhythm is quite lost. The children's own instinct will be the best guide.

CHARLES MAIR was born in Ontario, but spent his long eventful life in the West. He was a government agent in the West in 1868 and fought through both rebellions. He is the author of "Tecumseh," a drama, and an important historical record entitled "Through the MacKenzie Basin."

"A Ballad for Brave Women," page 39.—We have several poetic versions of the famous story of Laura Secord, but none with the dramatic effect of this poem. The personality of the heroine is definite and satisfying. Her brisk decision and quick speech pervade the poem like a breeze. It is a joy to read it aloud to the children. Let them practise reading aloud also.

JAMES McCARROLL was an Irish-Canadian journalist whose poems were written in the stray half-hours of a busy life.

"The Grey Linnet," page 64.—The pupils should feel the dramatic contrast between the bird's appearance and his voice. Note all the words that describe his dress and those that describe the song. Note the fine use of the verb "stains." Of what proverb does the verse remind us?

"Dawn," page 77.—Help the pupils by means of questions to see the picture the poet has painted. The great angel is standing on the rim of the world. Her wings are folded, her face hidden, her hands hold the tinted shadows. What happens as the dawn comes up?

JOHN McCRAE was a native of Ontario. He studied medicine and practised in Toronto. He lost his life during the Great War.

"In Flanders Fields," page 46, is one of those completely satisfying efforts of expression met with only rarely. It needs little teaching, the less the better, perhaps. Read it well. Have it memorised and recited frequently.

L. M. MONTGOMERY, the famous creator of "Anne with an 'e.'" has published a volume of poetry called "The Watchman."

"September," page 86.—Each month in the Canadian year has a strongly marked personality of its own, and our poets are fond of the theme. Help the pupils to see the colour and to enjoy the luxurious warmth of this description, which pictures September as the crown and achievement of the year.

SUSANNA MOODIE, an Englishwoman who came to an Ontario farm with her husband in the early days, has written a book, "Roughing it in the Bush," as well as verses.

"A Canadian Herd-boy," page 22.—"Going for the cows" is part of boy and girl life everywhere. Picture the boy. Follow him along the path dim and fragrant in the dawn. What does he do in the swamp? Now he sees the cattle. Is "lazy pace and sullen stare" a good description? Do you think Mrs. Moodie has fitted her rhythm to the key note "Cobos! Cobos!" as well as she might?

MARJORIE PICKTHALL was born in England, but came to Canada when very young. Her death in Victoria, B.C., following a short illness in the spring of 1922, was a great loss to Canada. Her poetic gift was of an unusually high order, and her book of poems, "The Lamp of Poor Souls," should be in every Canadian teacher's library.

"Swallows," page 17, is an autumn song for birds ready to migrate. Read to the children and picture whither the birds go and how they are guided. Suggested for memorising.

"Père Lalement," page 66.—The senior pupils know the brave story of the Huron Missions, and will understand this prayer. Study the character of the priest as revealed in the poem. Suggested for reading and class study.

"Dream River," page 74, is suggested for memorising. Help the pupils to understand how the picture is enhanced by the atmosphere of stillness produced by the use of words with long, level vowels and quiet consonants.

"St. Yves Poor," page 81, is a beautiful embodiment of the thought "If ye have done it unto the least of these." The scene, the poor people, and the vision are pictured with a brief and exact distinctness. The blank verse is musical and full of life. Suggested for silent and oral reading.

"The Lamp of Poor Souls," page 86.—In pre-Reformation churches a small lamp continually burned to remind charitable people to pray for those whose relatives were too poor to pay for masses and prayers for their souls. Picture the ancient church and the mother mourning her lost child. What comfort does she find? What is the poet's thought? Suggested for class study and memorising.

BEATRICE REDPATH is a native of Montreal. Her book of verses is called "Drawn Shutters."

"My Thoughts," page 29.—Children do not often think about their thoughts. The simile gives them an illuminating glimpse inward.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS is the eldest member of that brilliant New Brunswick family which boasts Elizabeth Roberts Macdonald and Bliss Carman among its members. His father was rector of Fredericton, where Charles was educated. He married at twenty, and for five years was engaged in editorial and educational work. Since 1888 he has given all his time to writing. Roberts enlisted in 1914, and during the war attained the rank of Major. He has published many volumes of poetry, mainly lyrical and descriptive. His verse is rich in fancy and full of colour, yet he can also write with a fine restraint, as in the sonnet given below. The children will know his Animal Stories. No other Canadian has so distinguished himself in both prose and verse.

"Cambrai and Marne," page 60.—This poem is suggested for reading with older pupils. The places named will be familiar to all. The story of the battles might be told first, the position of the places looked up, and the line of battle and retreat marked on a blackboard map. A clear mental picture is essential to good understanding.

"Sleepy Man," page 13.—Note how the tired feeling is suggested by the long vowels of the refrain. The descriptive touches are very effective, e.g., "The stars . . . he lets out *one by one*," as well as the proper names, e.g., Dream-a-way Lane.

"A Wake-up Song," page 95.—The intimate friendly touch of the words "wondering about you" constitutes the chief charm of this dainty poem, connecting the child with Nature in an affectionate manner and inculcating kindness to birds more effectively than any exhortation. How many children were there, and who were they?

"The Fir Woods," page 95.—Draw attention to the sonnet form in teaching this poem to the older pupils, to whom it will more readily appeal. Note the "sense by sound" effect of the first two lines; the pictorial quality of lines 5-8; the somnolent effect of the last restful line.

FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT was born and educated in Montreal. He is a clergyman, and served as a chaplain overseas during the Great War.

"The River," page 48, is singularly musical verse. The meadows and elms, the pool with its cattle, make a picture of Eastern Canada. Teachers of prairie-bred children should dwell much on such pictures, working them out in detail, often helping the untrained imagination with prints. Notice that while the voice of the river is clear in the first half of the stanza, the far-off boom of the sea is heard in the latter half. Note also by what choice of words and arrangement of vowels and consonants this effect is produced.

ROBERT W. SERVICE was born in England and educated in Scotland. He came to Canada at twenty. The "Songs of a Sourdough," written when he was a bank clerk in Whitehorse, made him famous. He was an ambulance driver during the war.

"The Lone Trail," page 61.—The modern swashbuckling of Service's feeling, thought and vocabulary, and the commonplace emphatic rhythm which he uses appeal strongly to older boys and girls. His pictures of the Yukon are roughly sketched and highly coloured, but convincing. "The Lone Trail" describes that extremity of effort and suffering in which the youth delights to picture himself. Such visions are closely connected with the development of high ideals of service and sacrifice in the real world, and should be neither discouraged nor laughed at. The poem is suggested for silent reading.

ROBERT STEAD is Ontario born, but his parents moved to Manitoba when he was a child, and he is prairie-bred. He now lives in Ottawa.

"Kitchener," page 47, was written and published throughout the Empire within a few days of Kitchener's death. It is, perhaps, the happiest expression of feeling about the great soldier that has yet been made, for in the midst of its grief and bewilderment the Empire felt that Kitchener's death was a glorious and a fitting close to so splendid a career. Use for oral reading following a lesson upon Kitchener.

ETHELWYN WETHERALD is a native of Rookwood, Ontario, and has worked as a journalist. She has published several volumes of verse. The latest, "Tree Top Mornings," poems for children, appeared recently.

"The Whity Pinky Pig," page 10, is a kind of nonsense poem which suggests a game and presents a somewhat vague picture. Its chief charm is the delightful refrain.

"In April," page 21.—The emotional experience described in this poem is universal, but rises to pure ecstasy only in poets and children. Adults, even poets, pass on to the memory of failures and "stains," but children stop at the point where May is still "beck'ning on." The first line is a very happy description of a Canadian spring. With older pupils notice the interlacing of the simile in stanza one. Both the comparisons and the use of "break" are beautiful. Notice also the original use of "eager," "melodies," "delicate."

"The Hayfield," page 65, presents a delightfully sympathetic picture of a commonplace thing. It is an important function of poetry, and of the teacher of poetry, to open young eyes to the beauties which lie close about them. The poet has quickened the picture with a tender melancholy which children feel rather than understand. Through the verses breathe those murmurous sounds which reach the ear laid close to the earth. The unusual stanza structure attracts the pupils. It will suggest to the teacher the swift long rise of youth and hope to its midsummer; its sudden fall and decay.

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